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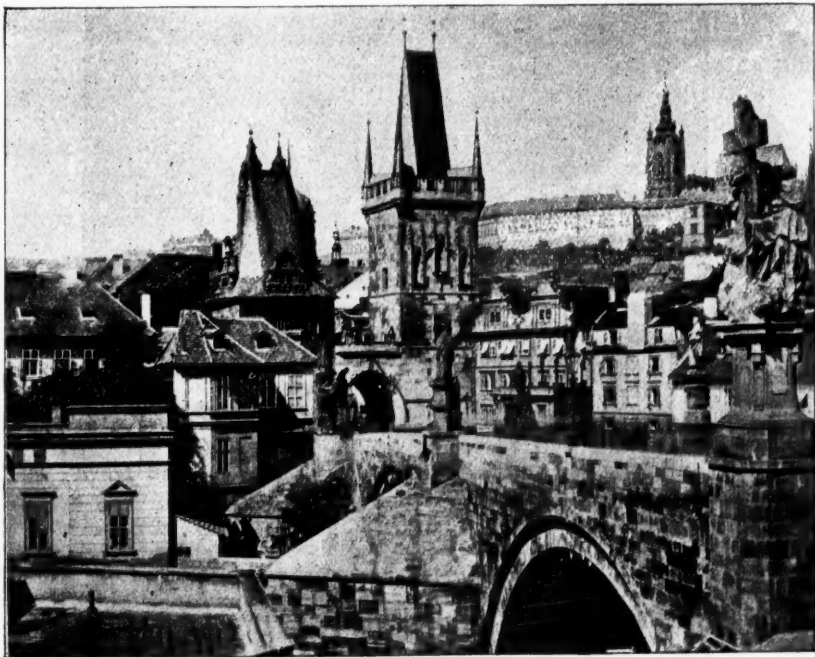
No. 3.

## LONGFELLOW'S PLACES AND PEOPLE.

*By Richard H. Titherington.*

IT might be said of Longfellow that the whole earth was the realm of his muse. His poetry takes us from the Tartar "lakes of Karakal" to "the walls of Monterey," and from "that unknown North Cape whose form is like a wedge" to the "green Opelousas." Few poets have told of so many and such varied scenes as he who sang "to one clear harp in divers tones."

It is noteworthy, rather than singular, that most of them should be spots that he had seen only in spirit. There are artists of brush and of pen whose landscapes are photographs. They paint only what they have viewed with their bodily optics. Literal accuracy is their ideal, and to attain it no travel is too long, no labor too great. You may be sure, when you look at Détaillé's



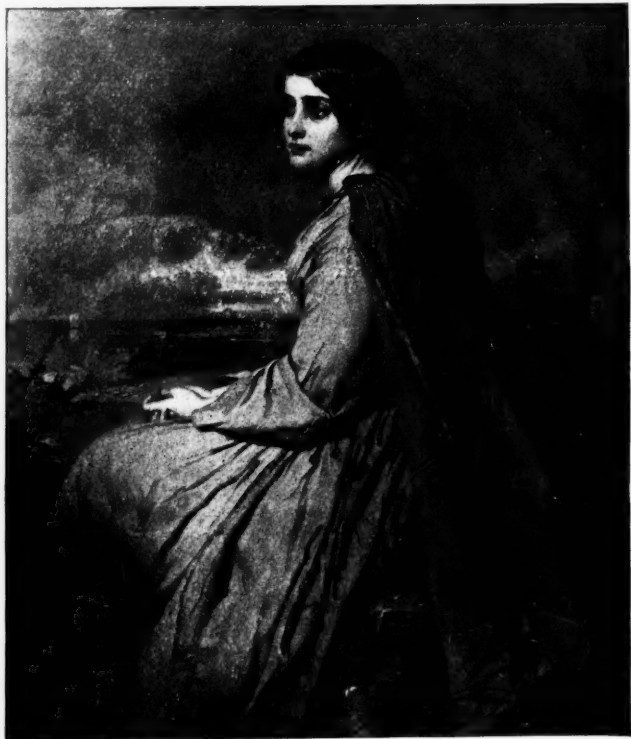
PRAGUE, THE "BELEAGUERED CITY."

picture of a war trampled French vineyard, or read William Black's description of a sunset in the Hebrides, that every detail is true to actual observation.

With others it is different. They study their backgrounds from nature as they study their figures from life, sketching both through the refining

had never seen; and such again was Longfellow, when he pictured the home of his Acadians:

West and south there were fields of flax,  
and orchards, and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain;  
and away to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and  
aloft on the mountains



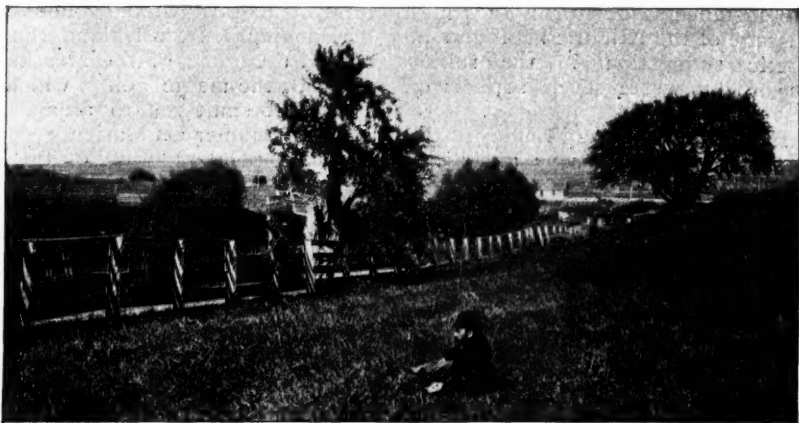
EVANGELINE.

From the painting by Thomas Faed.

haze of an imaginative ideality. They seek the typical, the characteristic, rather than the photographic. Exactitudes of time and place are with them subordinated to the play of the eternal forces of humanity. They sit in their studio or their library and roll all creation before their mind's eye. Such was Shakspeare, when he wrote of Bohemia as a "desert country by the sea shore"; such, in a somewhat different way, was Scott, when he described the moonlight on Melrose—which he

Sea fogs pitched their tents, and mists  
from the mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley.

Longfellow never saw Grand Pré; he was never in Nova Scotia. "Evangeline" was written in his Cambridge study, and its theme was suggested by the hearing of a story. Two friends were dining with him, one of whom was Nathaniel Hawthorne and the other the Rev. H. L. Conolly. The latter chanced to say that he had been trying to get Hawthorne to weave into a novel a tale

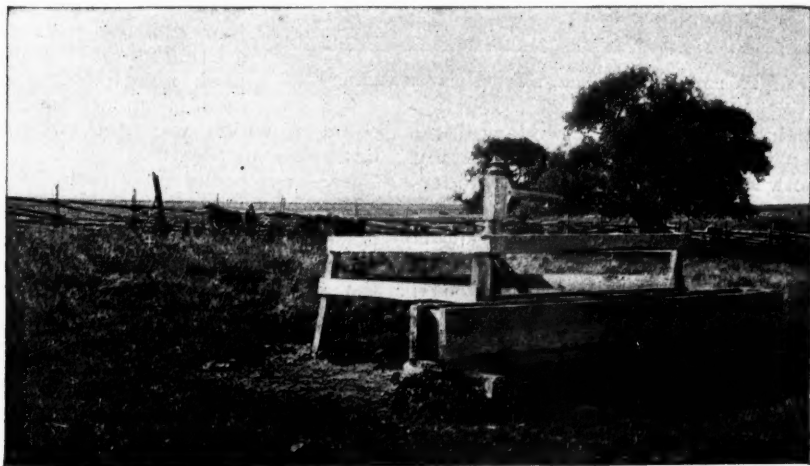


GRAND PRÉ—THE OLD FRENCH ORCHARD AND BATTLEFIELD.

that had been told him by one of his parishioners, a Mrs. Haliburton—how a young Acadian maiden had been separated from her lover when the French settlers were driven from their homes by the British; how they had sought each other for years, to meet at last in a hospital where he lay dying. Longfellow was much impressed with the narration. "If you really do not want this incident for a tale," he said to Hawthorne, "let me have it for a poem." And so "Evangeline" was conceived and written; not as a study of locality or as a historical document, but as a

picturesque and poetic story, whose appeal is to universal human emotion.

Longfellow was essentially a scholar, a man of letters. He traveled, but mainly as a student of languages and literatures. He was a reader, a thinker. His inspiration came from subjective thought, from the ideal creations of the mind, not from the swift objective impressions of the eye. He was one of those lofty spirits who dwell apart in a world of their own. He was not greatly influenced by his terrestrial surroundings. His diary records,



GRAND PRÉ—OLD WELL, AND SITE OF CHAPEL AND PRIEST'S HOUSE.

for instance, that during a rough passage of the Atlantic he found no poetic suggestion in the rolling ocean, but wrote seven sonnets on slavery.

He journeyed through many of the ancient cities of Europe, and loved

after he had translated "The Luck of Edenhall" from Uhland that he visited the home of the Musgraves, and saw the magic goblet which his verse left shattered to atoms. He spent a summer at Marienberg, but drew no poetic picture of the hills

and vineyards of the Rhine. "The Beleaguered City" was not the fruit of a journey to Prague. It was in his library that he saw, in imagination, the quaint Bohemian city, "the old cathedral bell," "the Moldau's rushing stream," and the "broad valley." The poem was founded upon his study of old Teutonic tradition:

I have read, in some old  
marvelous tale,  
Some legend strange and  
vague,  
That a midnight host of  
specters pale  
Beleaguered the walls of  
Prague.

Longfellow never explored the Western realm of Hiawatha. The wigwam of that marvelous aborigine is pitched in a misty and shadowy land not to be precisely located on any chart. Nor did the poet ever see that famous Colorado peak mentioned in one of his most touching

sonnets, which was not published until after his death:

There is a mountain in the distant West  
That sun defying in its deep ravines  
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.  
It was an engraving of the Mountain  
of the Holy Cross that suggested to  
him this striking simile for his devotion to his dead wife.

It is almost curious that Longfellow never visited—or at least we find no record of his visiting—the old English town of Boston, in Lincolnshire, the original possessor of a name

Spoken loud and clear  
And echoed in another hemisphere.



ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

their historic and legendary lore; but there was little direct connection between his poems and his wanderings. Nuremberg, the

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint  
old town of art and song,

he visited and explored with especial interest:

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a  
region far away,  
As he paced thy streets and courtyards,  
sang in thought his careless lay.

It was as a pilgrim to the abode of Shakspeare, too, that he penned his lines to the Avon; but these are the exceptions. It was not until years





GOD'S ACRE.

From the painting by Miss E. Osborne.

He speaks of its fine old church of St. Botolph, whence the name is derived:

Far over leagues of land  
And leagues of sea looks forth its noble  
tower,  
And far around the chiming bells are  
heard.

Longfellow was at Cambridge, not very far distant, in 1868, when he received an honorary LL.D. degree from the university on the Cam; but if he made an excursion to Boston it is not mentioned in his biographies.

Longfellow's great power, as has been said, lies in the appeal of his verse to those emotions that are universal in the human heart; and the strength of that appeal comes mainly from its simplicity and directness. Few poets, in the whole history of our language, have approached his hold upon the masses of the Anglo-

Saxon world. His fame was more than national. No other American writer had anything like his popularity in England, where his verses ranked as "household words" with Tennyson's. "Hiawatha," especially, won admiration throughout Europe—for it has been translated into most of the continental languages—as one of the most typical and original products of American genius.

Longfellow was a story teller, rather than a portrayer of character. His work has less of dramatic strength than of epic grandeur and lyric beauty. "The Golden Legend," a play in form, is as little fitted for the stage as are the tales in dialogue that Browning and Tennyson called their dramas. Indeed, in the preface to the "Legend" Longfellow speaks of it as "this poem," and "the story."



PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH.  
From the painting by George H. Boughton.

Nevertheless, it is impossible to read "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and assert that Longfellow could not draw a character. The picture of the Puritan captain is an admirably vivid one. It is worthy to be set with Hawthorne's prose portraits, and with George Boughton's on canvas—this metrical image of the sturdy leader mighty in faith and battle, who bids John Alden

"Look! You can see from this window my  
brazen howitzer planted  
High on the roof of the church, a preacher  
who speaks to the purpose,  
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the  
hearts of the heathen."

On the other side of the captain's chamber were his guides of conduct, three great books

distinguished alike for bulk and  
for binding:  
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Caesar,  
And, as if guarded by these, between them  
was standing the Bible.

His was the stern Christianity that set the head of the conquered Indian chief, as a trophy of victory, to

Scowl from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress;  
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.

Such were the men that Boughton has painted in his "Puritans Going to Church"; men with the word of God upon their lips, and their matchlocks, primed and loaded, in their hands.

Set against these the charming idyllic sketch of the rustic maiden

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet—

or the pensive landscape of the River Charles,

that in silence windest  
Through thy meadows bright and free—  
or the hallowed pathos of "God's Acre," that

consecrates each grave within its walls  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust—

and from these few types among many may be judged the varied richness of Longfellow's picture gallery.



## CAPTAIN ADAIR'S WIFE.\*

*By Lieutenant John Lloyd.*

### XIII.

IN real life a man who has been brought up with a regard for the conventionalities, instinctively clings to them when he feels his foothold leaving him, and mechanically goes through scenes which he must carry off calmly in the face of the world, giving no sign of the feeling underneath.

The shock which came to Adair numbed him. In the first second—the first fraction of a second, he seemed to lose consciousness. All his bearings were gone. He had no landmarks. The impossible thing had happened. Nina, the woman he had married, the woman to whom he was preparing to go, had not only deserted him, ignored her marriage, but with a heartlessness which amounted to brutality, with a recklessness which was abandoned, had come back flaunting her new alliance before him.

He took her hand, and looked into her face, a pure, sweet face, a little sweeter than it had been six months ago it seemed to him, for there was a slight depression at the corners of the mouth which was not merry, but negatively sad. There was a modishness in her dress and carriage that he had not seen before, and she looked a little older.

The wide blue velvet collar on her traveling cloak threw up the pearliness of her cheek, and the little toque of the same color which was the finishing touch to her elaborately dressed hair, was more like a crown.

"It is some joke," went through Adair's mind. "I must have dreamed that I married her," was his second thought, and there came over

him that horror of himself, which all men feel when they detect some lesion in the brain—which is themselves.

"Adair is just back from Japan," the colonel said, "and we are looking for him to come in presently with a Japanese lady on his saddle croup."

Adair bitterly supposed afterward that he must have said some words of congratulation to *his wife* upon her marriage to another man, but he could not remember what. He was only conscious that he was in a topsy turvy world; that Nina, so sweetly pictured in his mind but a moment ago, was a stranger to him; that Hecker, standing there big and smiling, awakened in him the ferocious desire to kill. And then they were all in the ambulance driving away.

"It is too bad there isn't room for you, here in the ambulance with us, captain."

Mrs. Acton smiled out of the ambulance window. She was in a flutter of pleasure. Hecker had always been a favorite of hers, paying her the easy good natured attention that came natural to him before all women, old or young. Adair heard his voice politely echoing her lament as though it were some sound from a great distance.

The train to Guaymas went off and left him standing stupidly on the platform. He walked over to the little adobe livery stable and took the first animal they gave him, a great yellow condemned cavalry horse, who held his head high and was fully capable of the thirty mile ride before him. Adair's orderly

\* This story began in the April number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

was waiting for him at the fort station. But Adair had forgotten that—had forgotten everything in this unspeakable thing that had happened to him.

He wondered dully at first if his marriage could have been but a fancy of his fevered brain; a thing that he himself had created out of his longings and the shadows of that time.

The blow was so great, so *impossible*, that there must be a mistake somewhere. The surface facts could not be true. They were impossible. He went over and over the situation, trying to grasp it, to grapple with it, to see what he could do. There seemed to be nothing.

The thirty miles ended all too soon. It was dark when the tired horse came up the road into the fort. There was no light in his quarters. His orderly had come back thinking the captain had missed the connection that night, and would not be home. The party that had come with Hecker and his wife had been too busy with their own affairs to think of Adair.

Adair went straight to his own house, dismounted, and tying the horse, turned in at the gate. The key to his front door was where he had left it, hanging on a nail behind the trellis of his veranda. He opened the door and went into his dark, damp little hall, full of the dreariness and odors of disuse.

He felt in his pocket for his match box and lighted a wax fusee. There was oil in his student lamp as he found by shaking it. He went to the drawer of his desk and took out the large pocketcase through which the bullet had gone on that night. It had been taken from him when he was undressed after they had brought him in, and given to him upon his recovery, but never opened. He knew what it contained. To satisfy himself, he took it up now with trembling fingers and opened it. It was glued about the edges with a dark substance.

He walked to the window and threw up the sash to let in the fresh

night air. From across the parade ground came the picture of the colonel's lighted house. They were entertaining the bride and groom. Farther down was Hecker's new home, illuminated in honor of its coming mistress.

Adair turned from the window, and picked up the certificate of his marriage, cut through by the bullet stained with his blood. Then self pity and the strong man's agony broke out into husky, painful, terrible sobs.

#### XIV.

A MAN went up to the back part of the colonel's house, full of the bustle of servants, and asked to see Mrs. Hecker's maid, as he had something for her.

Mrs. Acton came out through the chattering group of Chinamen, who suddenly hushed their parrot-like talk as she came among them, holding her rustling silk skirts up out of possible contact with the paraphernalia of dinner preparations.

"What do you want, Mellish?"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Acton, but there was a package left in the ambulance that has disappeared. I should like to ask Mrs. Hecker's maid——"

"Mrs. Hecker has no maid."

"Surely I saw one with her. Or it may have been—— I think, any way, ma'am, she knows about the package—the lady who was with Mrs. Hecker."

"You mean Mrs. Bland, I suppose. She is going to live with Mrs. Hecker, but she is not a *maid*. She is an old friend of Mrs. Hecker's."

Mrs. Acton spoke with dignity. Evidently she wished Mrs. Bland's position defined at once.

Mellish looked polite, but wooden and indifferent.

"The package was left in such a way that I feel responsible for it, ma'am, and I should be much obliged if I might see Mrs. Bland."

"I'll send and ask her about it."

Three minutes later the messenger came back to say that Mrs. Bland had been lying down but that she

would be down to see about the package in a very few minutes.

She was pale and calm when she came and looked Mellish full in the face. There was a gleam of bravado in his eyes as she advanced toward him.

"What is it?"

"There was a package Mellish wanted to ask you something about," Mrs. Acton said, going back into the dining room. She had arranged this dinner with Mary, and she felt that upon her devolved the responsibility. Mary was up stairs with her cousin, hearing "everything."

"There was a package—about the size of——" Mellish stepped outside as though he were looking for an article with which to make a comparison. "What are you doing here?"

"I am Mrs. Hecker's housekeeper."

"What did you come for?"

"Because I have to support myself. I am free now to go where I choose. I have no ties."

There was a bitter smile on the woman's face.

"Where is——"

The clack of the Chinamen was coming too close. "I'll be at the back of Hecker's house—are you going there tonight?"

"Yes."

"Meet me at the back of the house at eleven o'clock. I must see you."

The woman nodded dumbly.

There were tears in her sad eyes as she reached the foot of the stairs again. She stopped for a second and put her handkerchief to them.

The hall was brilliant with silk covered lamps and palms and flowers. Mrs. Acton, still bustling, came out of the little drawing room.

"You are coming down to dinner aren't you, Mrs. Bland?"

"No. I think if I may I will go over to Lieutenant Hecker's house now and go to sleep. I am *very* tired."

"Why certainly. Did you get the package?"

"I think," Mrs. Bland said, "the package—it was one of my own—must have been lost."

At eleven o'clock, alone in the

shadow of the house, the great mountains rising abruptly behind them, Mellish and his wife stood facing each other.

"Where is the boy?" The question had evidently been ready ever since he had parted from her earlier in the evening.

"My boy? My little boy is dead."

There was a reverent hush in the mother's voice that was not all sorrow. Evidently she felt that all was well with the child.

"Dead? What happened to him? Why didn't you take care of him?"

Mrs. Bland loosened her arm from the strong and impatient clasp of his hand. "I *did* take care of him. There was no one else to do it. The child's father had disgraced and deserted us. Thank God, the little heart was never seared by a knowledge of the evil thing that had been done to him. He was all I had, and I selfishly would have kept him; but I see now that it is better so."

"It was not *all* my fault, Edith."

"I tried to think that, too." The woman's voice grew wearier. "If you had stayed and faced the matter like a man, I might have believed you; but you fled and left another to bear all the burdens. You crushed your father's heart—you killed him, and my boy and I——"

"Did you come all this way out here to tell me this?—to throw in my teeth the things that are past and done? If I am so bad, why didn't you stay away from me? What are you doing here? I didn't send for you." The mocking, furious devil was in Mellish's face and voice.

"I did not know you were here. I knew nothing about you. Nina Wentworth, who was my old school friend, found me out when my boy" (it was always "*my* boy") "died, and has been an angel to me. She would keep me with her like a sister, but I will not allow that. In this world she is one of the good. There are not many."

Mellish laughed his ugly sneering laugh, with the hatred that a man such as he has for anything good.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Hecker is a very



good woman. Are you in her confidence?"

"I think I am. I am enough in her confidence to know that she is the purest and sweetest and lovingest soul on this earth."

"Doubtless. But she ought to have gone through the formality of getting a divorce from one husband before she married another."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that she isn't really any more Hecker's wife than you are. That she married Adair over there in Tombstone—ceremony by the Rev. Mr. Bland, and as soon as she found that Adair was a softy that she could treat as she liked and hear nothing more about it, and that the man who performed the ceremony was dead, she married Hecker."

Mrs. Bland looked at her husband with scorn. "There are some small vices from which I considered you exempt."

"You think it is a lie, I suppose, a malicious lie. I am not that small. Task Mrs. Hecker with it. I'd like to know how she denies it. I'd like to do it myself. It would be a study in human nature to see how a 'good' woman acts when she is caught in a little peccadillo such as having two husbands. By Jove! To see the coolness of her manner to Adair was worth coming to Arizona to behold! The stage never saw anything like it. It's a wonder play writers never think of going to real life for their stories."

"You ought to know."

"Edith, you never used to be bitter."

"Bitter! Bitter! *You* to chide *me* for being bitter. You, who not only robbed me of every material thing, of my girlhood, my faith in life, in everything, but now try to take from me my faith in my one friend. I will believe nothing you say, nothing!"

"The mischief of it is," Mellish said philosophically and with the mere interest of an observer, "that Adair stood it. I didn't think he was such a coward. To have his wife marry another man."

"Why do you listen to idle gossip?"

"I tell you I *saw* with my own eyes Adair marry Nina Wentworth. It was the day the Indians came near killing them both. They were married by my father."

"I do not believe you."

An hour later Edith Bland leaned from her upper window and saw a dark, slim figure walking, walking up and down. She recognized Adair.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "what story George Bland has distorted into the tale he tells me. That one is impossible."

## XV.

THERE were high festivities in the garrison to greet Hecker and his bride. The Judd girls had new muslins and blue sashes. Their mother thought nothing so simple and sweet as blue sashes and white muslin for young girls. On sweet and dimpled girls the simple white frocks were like the delicate calyx to a sweet flower. The Judd girls with their scrawny red necks and long noses and awkward hands, were not so pretty. But their mother beamed on them and they beamed back, so it didn't seem to matter to any one else.

There were dinner parties and tea parties all along the row, and a large dance at the barracks, where Lieutenant Hecker's men turned themselves loose in the matter of decorations. There were garlands of pepper leaves and fruit, the lace-like leaves, of a delicate green, and the loose scarlet bunches of berries making a beautiful and tropical decoration.

The long leaves—striped in yellow, spined, thick and fleshy, but most showy, were hewn from the mesal plant, and nailed in a frieze, overlapping, all about the room. There were lanterns and flags! Flags everywhere. The band was playing again as it had that night in the summer.

Adair heard it over in his quarters. He had lived through the week since the end of his world had come, because he had been obliged to do it. His first impulse had been to send in



his resignation at once, and then his common sense came to his rescue. He was a soldier, pure and simple. There was no other profession which had so great a hold upon his heart, in which he could ever hope to fit without those rubs which come to a man in the wrong place. There was but one thing for him to do. Find some man who wanted a transfer and leave the old regiment so that he and Hecker would never see each other again.

Hecker, Adair could not blame, except with that impulse of the savage which makes any man hate him who possesses what he feels is his very own. And even as he made plans for leaving, writing letters to men in positions not so desirable as his own, his eyes longed and his heart hungered for Nina, for only a sight of her face.

He perpetually put out the question "Why?" *Why* had she done this thing? *How* could she do it, and look and seem the woman she did? He looked at other women, he thought of them sweet and noble in their appearance, and he wondered if they, too, carried secrets about with them. The healthy spirit which he had brought from Japan still guided him, but it had lost its glorious vigor.

Adair knew Hecker. He knew the numberless affairs in which he was continually entangled. Hecker was the last man on earth into whose care he would have intrusted his sister, and it was the very heart of his heart, his *wife*, whom he was compelled to see at this man's mercy. Sometimes he wondered how much a man could bear.

Tonight as the music came, rising and falling from the room where he knew they were dancing, he felt that the strain was becoming too great. Something must snap. He must go away, and at once.

"If I could only despise her as she deserves," he said to himself.

A skulking shadow came around his veranda. A man stopped and looked at him—walking, walking, pacing back and forth with that tire-

less tread that all the men had grown to know. The man stepped up half way upon the veranda. Adair stopped and looked at him for a moment, giving a slight return for his salute.

"What is it, Mellish?"

"I'd like to have a little talk with you, captain, if you can spare the time."

"Well, out with it."

"If you've no objection, sir, I'd like to come inside. It isn't anything that I'd like to talk about where there was any chance of being overheard."

Adair opened his front door and led the way into his plainly furnished little sitting room. There was nothing there, except some tables and chairs, some views of West Point and Japan, and over the mantelpiece a beautiful portrait of a mother and child by Morrison.

Adair sat down in one of the big oak chairs and motioned Mellish to another. When the men came to him upon private business he always treated them as one honest man treats another anywhere.

Mellish sat down, but in a tentative fashion, half rising as he finished his first sentence.

"I don't often get troubled by my conscience, captain, but there's something going on here, that it looks like my duty to say something about, unless I have some explanation of it. I'd like to have some explanation merely to satisfy my own conscience."

"What is it?"

"I was over in Tombstone last summer one day. It was the day you and Miss Wentworth were attacked by the Indians. I went into Mr. Bland's for a moment, and I saw——"

Mellish hesitated, and dropped his eyes under the steady gaze of Adair's.

"What did you see?"

"I saw," the man went on desperately, "Miss Wentworth being married to, I couldn't exactly see who——"

"Mrs. Hecker would probably tell you that she married Lieutenant Hecker."

"Not that time. Lieutenant Hecker I saw ten minutes before, coming from the mill with Mrs. Savage."

"Mrs. Hecker probably knows her own affairs."

"I was thinking of speaking to her about it——"

Adair stood up, furious.

"Let me hear of your going *near* Mrs. Hecker, and I'll kill you. You blackmailing scoundrel." His passion had got the better of him. "What do you want?"

"I'd like to borrow a hundred dollars tonight, sir, and I thought if Flynn happened to be drunk any-ways soon, I might stand a chance."

Adair fairly flung him the notes, from a drawer in his desk.

"Now *go*. And don't you ever darken my door again."

"My poor girl," he said tenderly, have you put yourself in the power of a brute like this. Then must I stay and save you."

\* \* \* \*

Over in the barracks they were having gay times—the hours running away on musical feet. Ronan was leaning his head against the wall of the house, the light catching the outline of his smooth dark hair, running down his dark clothing and making high lights on his pointed patent leather shoes. There was an air of supreme content in his whole attitude. Mary Marcy, blooming and sweet looking as a white rose, sat beside him. Even Mrs. Savage was too clever to walk near to that love story.

There was a clack of talk all up and down the veranda. The Judd girls walked by, their sharp elbows rubbing the coats of young ranchmen, just as they had last year. They talked in high voices, telling stories of the bear that their little brother encountered in the woods and took for a black dog. They all told the same story. It was the only one they knew. But Ronan and Mary were not even disturbed by the insistence of its echo. They had lost the world in contemplating themselves. They had seen much of each

other in these months and had grown confidential.

"Do you think Nina seems very happy?" Mary asked after a long silence.

"I haven't noticed. Hecker does. I never saw him so well. Hecker usually is happy enough, but he really seems to be happy for some other reason than because he has enjoyed his dinner. I think he is extraordinarily fond of your cousin."

It was at this instant that a couple came slowly down the veranda, and walking off to one side out of the light, arranged themselves comfortably in the corner. The lady was large and leaning conspicuously upon her escort's arm. It did not require a second glance to show that it was Hecker and Mrs. Savage.

Mrs. Savage had dressed herself that evening, with the blood high in her cheeks, and her hands burning. She had never loved her loud and florid husband, and she had never been what is called a susceptible woman, but so far as she had a heart to move, Hecker had moved it. She had dreamed of the gayety of life with a man like that, who made the hours pass rapidly for her. It was not the things that Hecker said, it was his living, breathing presence that she found fascinating.

It had been the most bitter of blows to her when she had heard of his marriage. She was standing by her dressing bureau brushing her hair when the news first came to her. Her husband had gone in to the breakfast table which was in the next room, and was opening the morning mail.

"Hello," he said, "here's a wedding card. By Jove! It's Hecker, and that pretty little Miss Wentworth who came over here one day."

It seemed to Mrs. Savage that there was something wrong with the muscles of her arm. They seemed to give way suddenly. She took the hairpins out of her mouth and laid them very carefully down and went into the other room and took the stiff white paper out of her husband's hand. There it was: "Mr. Nicholas Wentworth announces the marriage

of his niece, Nina Alice, to Harold Westville Hecker, etc."

Then she went back and continued brushing her hair, and all the time she was laughing a little at her own face in the mirror before her. It was not a very pleasant laugh. It was a laugh that told too much of a knowledge of the world to make the possessor a very happy woman. She was whispering something to that smiling image with the mocking eyes which looked at her from the glass.

"I gave him the money to marry her on. *!! !! I* gave him the money!" Her foolishness, her trust in his loyalty seemed so silly a thing. And yet here she was tonight, as ready for a flirtation with him as she had ever been.

Ronan's face was imperturbable. It took more than another of Hecker's flirtations, or rather the renewal of an old flirtation, to cause him the flicker of an eyelash. Mary looked at them with the wide open eyes of a girl who did not realize that she was seeing anything.

"I wonder where Nina is. I suppose her old admirers have completely cut Mr. Hecker out. I think myself though that Mrs. Savage is pretty good fun. She has asked me to come over and make her a visit and I believe I will go."

"When?"

"She has asked me for next week."

"Do come then," Mr. Ronan said impressively. "My poor old mine is going to be sold the week after. Not that anybody will buy it but I am going to give myself the satisfaction of putting it on the market. I want you to visit it and look upon the grave of all my hopes. Will you?"

"Indeed I will. I have always wanted to visit that mine. I feel sure I would bring you luck."

Nina walked by with Mr. Bradish, her pretty face lighted up. As she saw her husband, she dropped Mr. Bradish's arm and going over to Hecker gave him a little slap on the shoulder with her fan.

There was a least bit of embarrassment in his face as he sprang to his feet.

"I gave you a lot of things to take care of," she said. "My cloak and flowers and no end of things. Render up your account."

"They are in the ball room."

"Never mind, never mind; Mr. Bradish and I will get them."

But Hecker had gone. Mrs. Savage's face was burning.

"You ought to be very glad to have a husband who could take such good care of your things—but then, he's had an enormous lot of practice."

"Has he? That's nice. I don't believe I should have liked to have taken him entirely untrained," Mrs. Hecker said sweetly.

## XVI.

"THERE isn't any reason why we should stay with the rest of the party that I can see," Ronan said. "And I do want you to see my mine. I want to escort you over my sole and only property. I once owned a lot in the cemetery in San Francisco, and I believe there were some other lands that fell to my share when my father left me an orphan, but circumstances—some most enjoyable circumstances—have robbed me of the latter. The burial lot I turned over to my mother."

"I'm sure I should enjoy nothing better than a journey through your mine. The only mines I have ever visited were the big mines. Where are your hoisting works?"

"Well, they are visible to the naked eye when you are *near* them, but at this distance they keep modestly out of sight."

Mr. Ronan and Miss Marcy were sitting on their horses at the top of a little hill. Mrs. Savage and Mr. Neal had gone on ahead, a little trail of dust showing the direction they had taken.

"Where do you suppose they will go?"

"I do not suppose anything about it. I know. They will go on, and on, and on." There was a far away look in Mr. Ronan's eyes, as though "and on" led to infinity. "Until

they come to that vulgar hostelry known as 'Pick-me-up,' that is stationed on the Charleston road for the convenience of thirsty travelers, and just there Mrs. Savage will begin to feel a little faint. Mr. Neal will suggest they have a claret punch, and Mrs. Savage will say she 'couldn't,' it 'wouldn't do' for her to stop and drink claret punch over the dust in the road. There will be various other things suggested, but when 'Pick-me-up' disappears from view there will be beer bottles in Neal's pockets. They will probably go on over to the dam and get into the one boat there and row around and *look* at each other and talk."

"I don't think they either of them talk very much. Mrs. Savage isn't half as gay as I expected to find her."

"There is a sort of shadowy wing over Mrs. Savage these days. She doesn't seem like herself. But we, I trust, are going to visit my mine. The two miners who trust me enough to continue to give me their labor in the hope of a future reward will let us down and we can explore."

The plain was bright and sunny, and the yucca bells rang their sweetness all through the atmosphere. The horses hung their heads and walked slowly along unchided.

Neither Ronan nor Mary knew where nor how they were going. The road was straight before them, one of the smooth trails that are all over Arizona made by the once or twice passing of horses and ore wagons. Not many ore wagons had left Ronan's mine.

There was a long string of the odd vehicles coming along the trail from the Topaz mine now to an accompaniment of cracking whips and Mexican oaths.

Suddenly at the end of the trail they were following there was a smoothed place in the mesa where the cactus had been cut away, and there were evidences of work—a little "dump," a heap of ore, some timber, and in the midst of all a windlass very much such as you see in the yards of farmhouses. It was wrapped

with tarred rope and a bucket hung over the shaft underneath.

"This, my dear Miss Marcy, is my hoisting works."

Ronan leaned over the side of the hole, and called out, "Hello, Mike! Michael! Duffy."

But there was no reply. Evidently Mr. Duffy was lost in the labyrinthine depths of the mine, or was roaming on top of earth, far from the scenes of his labors.

"Well"—Mr. Ronan cheerfully prefaced most of his remarks with "Well"—"they seem to have followed the example of their comrades and concluded that picking at barren rock was a feckless job."

He looked at the windlass and then he looked at Miss Marcy. She had slipped down from her saddle, and putting the rein over her wrist, was standing beside him, her eyes dancing with the spirit of adventure. There isn't anything on earth a healthy girl loves more than a suspicion of a lark with a man in whom she has perfect confidence.

"I can let you down all right, if you'll go," he said.

"I'll go."

Ronan drew the big bucket, which was intended for use in bringing up the ore, over to the side, and Mary, drawing her habit together, daintily and gingerly stepped in, holding on tightly.

"Is it very deep?"

"About thirty feet."

Ronan took off his tight riding coat, showing the fine muscles in his chest and arms and back. As she swung over the black hole beneath, Mary looked at him with admiration in her eyes.

Slowly—slowly—he let her down, until she stopped and called back to him. Ronan swung himself after her, going hand over hand down the rope.

He found Mary standing there in the darkness. He laughed, a happy excited little laugh; it was as though they were cut off from the whole wide world and left there together. A desert island was nothing to the depths of the earth.

Ronan felt in his pocket and brought out a box of wax matches, and struck one.

"There ought to be some candles here," he said, peering about.

Before the little taper died out he lighted another, and then another. Down in one corner there was a box of candles. He gave Mary one, and took one for himself, and like two children hunting the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, they set out on their exploration of the mine. There was not much to see.

There were no pockets of wire silver looking like frosty cobwebs such as Mary had admired in some of the other mines; only about half a mile of tunneling, badly timbered.

"It's a poor thing," Ronan said reverently, "but it's mine own."

"I don't see but that it is as good as any of the others," Mary replied. "They all look alike. It isn't as big, but then you haven't been working it so long."

"What a pity you are not an Eastern capitalist, or even a mining expert. Just here, now, is where we thought the lode was going to develop into a wonder. We imagined the 'Lucky Cuss' was not going to hold a candle to us, but some way it disappeared, and nobody has been able to discover any sign of it since."

Mary held her candle near the wall, and looked closely as though she expected the lost lode to appear anywhere, but it was all the same dull rock. They had made the circuit, peered down *winces*, and stumbled over tools that lay uncannily about, and come back to their starting point. Suddenly Ronan uttered an exclamation. Mary looked at him, startled. It was the first time she had heard him give any expression of surprise, whatever happened.

He was looking up toward the hole where sunshine was visible, an indescribable expression upon his face. Her eyes followed his. There, merrily burning, almost to the windlass, in a torch-like blaze, was the tarred rope by which they had come down.

Evidently in lighting the candles

one of Ronan's wax matches had ignited it, and it had burned like tinder. They were prisoners in the mine.

## XVII.

MRS. SAVAGE and Mr. Neal had ridden on toward Charleston. As Ronan imagined, they cast longing eyes toward "Pick-me-up" and its refreshments. Mr. Savage had said once that the reason he was not a billionaire, was because he would not go into Mexico to live. In Mexico malt was unknown, and Mr. Savage loved the product of the hop. His wife had been an apt pupil. She had never heard that beer was vulgar, and so enjoyed it, and offered it to people with a clear conscience and a sensation of duties of hospitality well carried out.

But just as Mr. Neal and Mrs. Savage came down the little hill which looked upon that wayside station, Lieutenant Hecker walked out of the cottonwood shaded doorway, and took his horse's bridle from the Mexican boy who held it. Mrs. Savage gave her own horse just the least little touch with the tiny silver spur she wore on her boot heel, and in a second she was holding out her well gloved hand to Hecker, smiling with an expression she had often practiced before her mirror, in those hours when her hopes made her see herself as conquering.

Hecker had not expected to meet Mrs. Savage. That was not on his programme at all, but his was the easy spirit which accepted the good the gods sent and made no complaint.

"Where for?" he asked gayly.

"We are riding for riding's sake, but I believe our ultimate destination was the Charleston dam. We were going up to rest our eyes on water. Can you not come along?"

"Why of course. Although my eyes do not need any resting." And Hecker gazed straight at Mrs. Savage with a look which sent the blood into her rather too plump cheeks.

She turned her head and looked away at the hills, a little vexed with herself at the way her heart beat.



Neal dangled along in the back-ground. He was thirsty. He made up his mind that at Charleston he would make an excuse to leave Hecker and Mrs. Savage and go somewhere and refresh himself.

The little town of Charleston consisted of half a dozen adobe houses beside the large, airy wooden dwelling which was occupied by the owner of the mill. The San Pedro River ran through it, a little stream which would not have been above the dignity of a brook in a land of real rivers. Two miles above there was a dam which held the water back to supply power for the mill. It made a placid little lake in the barren rocks, and was much visited for picnics in the season. A rickety little boat was tied to the dam, and around a point of rock was a board hut where the watchman lived.

As Hecker and Mrs. Savage turned from Charleston into the barren trail which led to the dam, Neal drew in his horse.

"I think, if you don't mind, I'll ride up and drop in on Featherly for a moment. He asked me to see about some horses for him and I haven't had time to talk to him about it. I'll join you at the dam. Be there almost by the time you are," and hearing no protests, Mr. Neal turned joyfully toward the mill superintendent's house and his well stocked sideboard. Hecker and Mrs. Savage rode on.

The little lake was a pretty sight to eyes unaccustomed to a body of water larger than a bath tub. Hecker lifted Mrs. Savage down from her horse, and they walked together out upon the dam. The river was low, as it was midway between rainy seasons, and the water forced its way through interstices in the timbers, at least five feet below the top of the dam. The boat was just below them.

"Suppose we row," Hecker said.

"How can we get down?"

He swung himself over and dropped his heavy weight gracefully into the boat, and, untying it, rowed to the rocky side where she could climb down. He held out his hand to her,

and they shot out into the center of the little pond propelled by Hecker's strong arms. He was happy with any sort of action, and having Mrs. Savage, adoring, before him, he forgot everything else and said things to her that she could never forget.

They had gone up and down and across, and finally came back and sat in the shadow of the dam. The sun was hanging over the Whetstone Mountains, gilding everything, merely accenting the peculiar yellowness which is Arizona's dominant tint. Hecker laid the oars up on the dam and lighted a cigar.

"A woman is to be pitied always," Mrs. Savage said mournfully. "*Her* mistakes there is no rectifying."

"And a man's cannot be undone," Hecker responded in a soft voice with the same cadence.

"But a young girl is so powerless. Think of me. I was only sixteen when I married a man I hardly knew. I did not know what love was. I had no idea that there was such a thing."

"As you know it *now*!" There was a deeper note in Hecker's voice.

"As I know it *now*. But oh, Harry, what I cannot forgive is your marriage. *You* knew."

"I cannot forgive myself."

"I know she must have thrown herself at your head," Mrs. Savage said, her tone becoming vicious, "but I never thought you were one to be caught."

Just then the boat began to float out. There was a piece of rope nailed to the timbers almost in Mrs. Savage's hand.

"Catch that rope and hold the boat in," Hecker said hastily. Mrs. Savage reached for it as it was fast receding, and unconsciously arose; the boat shot from under her, and she went into the water.

The oars were on top of the dam. Hecker gave one look of disgust, and one exclamation that was by no means complimentary, and sprang over the side of the boat to her assistance. The long boots of the cavalry were wide topped and reaching almost to his hips. The instant he



struck the water these filled and dragged him under. But Hecker was a strong man with perfectly trained muscles and quickly recovered himself.

He reached Mrs. Savage by a few strokes. The rope had broken short off in her hands, and she was ready to sink. Hecker supported her and attempted to swim with her toward the steep place where she had climbed down to the boat, but she was perfectly unmanageable. She threw her arms about his neck and almost dragged him under.

"Let go!" he shouted. "You will drown us both."

But the woman was in a perfect frenzy of fear. Her long cloth riding skirt tangled its sodden heaviness about his legs, almost powerless already from the water filled boots. He forcibly pulled her arms from his neck, and catching the skirt tore it off, with the strength of despair.

Even then he felt that they were sinking, that horrible incubus of a woman pulling him down. He swore fairly in her face, and then remembering that the watchman was probably somewhere about, lifted his voice in a loud call for help. The cry went echoing through the rocks. "Help!" "Help!" and again, "Help!"

Neal had ridden up to the big verandaed house where Featherly, assisted by an excellent Chinese cook, kept a bachelor establishment that was the delight of all his friends. Featherly was sitting on the veranda his stockinged feet lifted to the railing, and a siphon of soda and a bottle of brandy at his elbow.

Neal lost no time in joining him.

"Good gracious!" Featherly exclaimed. "Where on earth did you drop from? I haven't seen you in an age. I heard yesterday that you were chained to Mrs. Savage's chariot wheels. Do you know, Neal, it looks to me as though Mrs. Savage was getting a little heavy for it to be any fun to draw her chariot."

"Fact is I never did find it any fun. But you get roped in sometimes. I'm entirely left today. Was allowed to resign without a single

protest. Ronan has taken Mary Marcy off somewhere, and Mrs. Savage met Hecker back here, and forgot my existence that minute. I'd serve 'em just right if I went off and let Hecker take her back home. There's no doubt he would enjoy it, but I feel sorry for Mrs. Hecker."

"How is Hecker behaving himself?"

"Same old fashion. He can't settle down—any more than he could settle up, if it were not for his wife's money."

"Is Ronan going to marry Miss Marcy?"

"It looks like it, and yet, he hasn't a penny, and she hasn't a cent."

"Queer taste women have. They always seem to take to the black sheep."

"Ronan isn't as black as he is painted. He has the heart and grace of a gentleman. One is obliged to like Ronan. He is full of follies that he exaggerates himself, but they are *clean* follies. If Ronan had not spent his fortune, he would be the best fellow on earth in the eyes of the world. His wild oats were not the seed bearing variety. But say, I can't stay here all day. Get your horse and ride over to the dam with me. Maybe the two of us can induce Mrs. Savage to let Hecker go home to his wife."

The two men reached the dam just in time to hear that hoarse cry for help.

Noel stopped his horse for an instant, listening intently. It came again. "Help!"

The men galloped on and when the trail became too narrow, they flung themselves down and took to running. They were just in time to see the struggle in the water. Hecker, worn out, exasperated, drew back and gave Mrs. Savage a blow that for an instant stunned her. He did not see the coming men, and it seemed their only possible chance of escape.

"Hold on," Neal cried, "we are here."

Featherly threw off his coat and shoes, and in another instant was

drawing Mrs. Savage up out of the water. She recovered from the confusion of the blow almost at once, but Hecker had succeeded in giving her a concussion that would in a few minutes become a very black eye.

Mrs. Savage did not know that yet. She stood shivering on the edge of the bank, skirtless, attired in very tight riding trousers, boots, a short basque, and a tall silk hat, which still remained tightly pinned to her hair, although knocked to one side in an extremely *degagé* fashion, and very battered and wet. The curl was out of her hair, and it hung in strings over her wet face. She was sobbing on the border land of hysterics. The long skirt of her habit was wrapped tightly about Hecker's legs.

"Say, Hecker," Neal asked, "did you and Mrs. Savage change clothes before you got in the water, or afterward?"

Hecker gave one glance at the figure before him, and lost all sense of reason, delicacy or kind feeling, and roared with laughter.

Mrs. Savage gave him a look of utter astonishment, and then seeing only mirth in his face, and realizing her helplessness, went into violent hysterics.

### XVIII.

"WE'LL take Mellish along. I always like to have two men, merely for the look of the thing," Hecker said. "I think you might enjoy that ride down toward the Mexican line."

"Oh I *should*," Nina replied. "I love any sort of outdoor sport. Do you know, Harry. I believe that was the reason I cared for you, you looked so sort of outdoorsy. You looked so honest and sincere, so different from the other men I knew. They were always hanging around talking about things they didn't know anything about. Now *you*—"

"I never talk about anything."

"Well, you really do not talk much. But you never *pretend*. You are just *you*. I could not stand it if you were not like that. I feel *sure* of you all the time."

Hecker laughed his easy laugh. That was the proper attitude for a wife to take of course. That was the point of view he wanted his wife to have toward him. Hecker had the variety of conscience which is never in the least disturbed until there is a prospect of being found out. He *felt* honest so long as his wife imagined him to be so. Hecker within himself had not the virtue of believing in his own lies. He laughed at himself for telling them and at the people who believed them.

"Well, come along now," he said. "Get into your habit and we will hie us down toward the border. I'll order the horses around."

Hecker had bought a thoroughbred Kentucky horse from a man in Tombstone who had brought two out in a fit of exultation over a lucky strike he had made in a mine, and was ready enough to sell them when the hoped for vein proved to be only a "pocket."

While Hecker stood on his veranda, walking idly about, petting the horses, and wishing that he had a lump of sugar to give them, talking to Mellish about their harness, and giving expression in his whole big personality to the supreme content which possessed him, Adair came out of his house across the parade ground, flung himself upon his horse, and looking neither to the right nor left rode rapidly up the cañon.

"There goes an unsociable devil," Hecker thought to himself. "I cannot imagine what pleasure Adair finds in living."

He turned as his wife came out of the door, her short habit held up a trifle, showing her dainty boots with their patent leather toes, and the trimness of its make. Hecker never had seen so pretty and dainty a woman. The thought of her belonging to him impressed him. He was like a child with a toy that was so fine he was almost afraid of it. It was a thing to show and enjoy the possession of with a swelling heart of exultation, but never the thing to be quite easy with.

He looked down the row now, and was glad to see that there were so many people sitting out on their verandas who would see them ride by. Mellish waited until Hecker had thrown his wife into her saddle and mounting, drawn up beside her, and then he threw himself upon his horse and followed them. It was a continual enjoyment to him to see Mrs. Hecker's manner towards her husband and every one else with whom they came in contact. It was the enjoyment of what was to him perfect acting. He had grown to admire Mrs. Hecker as he had never admired any woman before. She appealed to the deceptive instinct which was his own strongest quality.

He looked at her now as she rode out of the fort, bowing with graciousness to the people on each side, and followed the smiles that were sent after her, even from the veranda where the Judd girls were standing. He thought how clever she must think herself; what daring recklessness must possess her soul at the risk she had taken.

"Talk of pluck!" Mellish said to himself. "There is more pluck in that woman than in a dozen men."

The immorality of her stand was as delightful to him as a tale of the boulevards. He became fond of her, as she seemed to move upon his own levels. He would not have dreamed of disturbing her by telling her that he knew her secret. He sometimes wondered to himself what she would do. Sometimes the savage that lurked within him came to the surface, and made him fancy how it would seem to have this woman in his power, and have her conscious of it.

They had ridden about five miles when they saw in the distance a little whirling dust cloud, that presently resolved itself into a Mexican boy ambling along upon a burro. He was sitting far back, and thrumming idly a badly strung guitar. He looked at Hecker as he passed him as though he had never seen him before, but Hecker half unconsciously drew up his own horse.

Mellish stopped the boy for an instant, and then the burro was turned, and with digging in of heels and cries was urged wildly back the way it had come. Mellish stopped, and alighting, drew up the buckles of the "cuich" which held his saddle.

"I wonder if anything is wrong with Mellish's outfit," Hecker said. "Sit still a moment, Nina, and I will go back and see."

Mellish was still bending over his saddle.

"What is it?"

Mellish handed out a small envelope whose strong perfume puffed up in Hecker's face. He tore it open impatiently, and then a smile went around the corners of his mouth. "Confound the girl," he said, but his tone was anything but confounding. He rode slowly back to Nina with a serious face.

"My dear," he said, "that boy brought some news which it seems to me ought to be looked into at once. I shall have to go on down into Mexico for a few miles to investigate the rumor. You will not mind riding back with Mellish?"

"Oh, my dear, it isn't anything about *Indians*?"

"No! No! It is some of those Mexican thieves. Be very careful to say nothing to *any* one concerning it. I ought not to have told even you. It is a matter between myself and the commanding officer."

"I suppose this is the penalty of marrying a man with a commanding officer above his wife. Good by; hurry back," and Nina turned her horse, looking laughingly over her shoulder at Hecker. He kissed his hand to her, saluted, and rode down toward Mexico with an open face and a clear conscience.

Mellish waited until Nina came up, and drew in about two yards behind her. Nina almost forgot the man's existence. She looked about at the queer country, and thought of the first time she had seen it. They passed among the rolling foothills, the buttes which follow the mountain chain, and there coming down a dry arroya, the bed of one of the swift

and evanescent mountain torrents which devastate in the rainy season, was Adair, his horse carefully picking its way.

He sat a trifle stiffer when he saw Nina before him. She tightened her rein.

"How fortunate to meet you, Captain Adair," she said, a really glad note in her voice. "I haven't seen anything at *all* of you since I came back. You seem to be a perfect recluse. They tell me you used to be that, but it seemed to me when I came out last year, although I saw so little of you, that you did not bury yourself *quite* so completely."

Adair's first impulse was to answer this with the bitterest sentence he could frame, and turn his horse's head and leave her, but he looked up to see an expression of such malignity, such sneering enjoyment on the face of the soldier behind them, that he set his lips and turned his horse in beside Nina's.

He could not hinder his thoughts from traveling back to that night in the summer, when they had started out, lovers, husband and wife, feeling that the whole of life's journey was to be taken side by side, and here, she, the coquette, the woman to whom not even the marriage vow was sacred, was riding along by his side, the whole current of her life in new channels, talking idly of trivial things, of the buckles on her bridle, of the little wild flowers that would carpet the earth in the rainy season.

Adair talked on and on, listening, answering. Sometimes he felt almost amused at the grim tragedy, the pretence. It seemed as though the crust must break through somewhere and let the lava that was underneath burst forth. Nature is a methodical old dame, whose combinations work the same results today that they did yesterday. Adair and Nina were complements of each other. There was an armor for her nature in his, and she felt it. As in the summer, they had soothed and pleased each other, depended upon each other, so now the atmosphere of their meeting began to take on the

same character. She began to speak to him of thoughts, of ideas, of hopes which her husband had not brought out.

The subjective was interesting to them both. They lived in an ideal world. It was the action, the worship of the object, of the material, which astonished Nina in Hecker. She saw in him the opposite of the artificial men of her acquaintance. She had breathed in his society, as a woman who has been used to stuffy apartments breathes as she goes into a plain and polished and airy hall. She had not discovered that the wood was all made of papier maché.

With Adair she breathed again the air of the woods and fields. As she looked into his face a great spasm of pain took hold on Adair's heart.

"Oh, my darling! my dear one!" he said to himself, "how *could* you do it? How could you betray me like this?"

But she talked on with the innocent face of a child.

"They tell me you have just made a long stay in Japan."

"Yes; I was there for some time with my friend Morrison, the artist."

"Ah, yes, I know; the man who paints the beautiful children and the poetic landscapes."

"Do you think those are his points? It is his strong pictures that mean so much to me. It is the strength in Morrison that pleases. I am expecting him down here to make me a visit."

"I hope I shall meet him."

Adair said nothing. Morrison expected to meet his wife, he thought grimly.

"They tell me, Captain Adair, that you are going to be married."

The whole earth seemed to swim about Adair. Cruelty, like this, from this woman! He looked down at his elaborate riding gloves and noticed intently the stitching on their backs. All the great things of life seemed so topsy turvy that the proportions were all changed, and it was to him as though the trivial things had grown of stupendous importance.

He did not answer her. He thought of duties that he had at home, of papers that were lying there to be gone over, and of that blood stained marriage certificate.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Adair," she said very sweetly, "but I imagined from the way my uncle spoke that it was an open secret. I have no right to force your confidence."

"It seems to me," Adair replied, his voice low and grave and repressed, "that I gave you a confidence once, that would cover any future speculations you might have."

"When?"

He turned and looked at her.

"One night in August, last year."

A troubled expression came into her face.

"Captain Adair," she said, and there were tears of real feeling in

her eyes, "I am afraid I have made a mistake in not telling every one, but I have been so sensitive about it, and no one has seemed to notice it, and it has not made any difference, but a curious thing happened to me. I came out here last year. I remember *coming*, I remember meeting you on the train and coming over with Mr. Hecker, and then, I seem to have had an illness full of horrible dreams, and *I remember nothing about it*. My uncle says the excitement of some trouble with the Indians threw me into brain fever. Nobody talks to me about it, but I have gathered enough since I have been here to know that *you* were connected with it in some way. Tell me what it was. The time between the first few days of my coming, and my awakening, ill and weak, *is a total blank*."

(*To be continued.*)

#### RETROSPECTION.

ONCE more a rapturous vision comes to me

Of Arcady,

A glimpse of bird land doth my soul attune

To dreams of June.

Through wreaths of smoke I see a maiden fair,

All debonair.

I see the crimson blushes on her cheek

Play hide and seek;

Her witching eye outrivaleth the hue

Of heaven's blue.

Each movement that she makes doth cast—ah, well—

A Circean spell.

A glint of sunlight falls upon her hair,

And nestles there.

Around her lissome form methinks there stole

An aureole;

With envious eyes I view the flowers that rest

Upon her breast,

I thrill with most ecstatic joyfulness

At her caress.

'Tis thus I let imagination play,

In realms of glee,

Upon the anniversary of the day

She jilted me!

*Nathan M. Levy.*



## THE HEROES OF SOME OLD LOVE STORIES.

*By George Holme.*

NATURE seems to have created some men and women to attract every human being with whom they come in contact; and after the character is analyzed, the attractive power seems to be a great capacity for loving. Constancy is sung, but it has not been those who have been constant to one, who have been remembered as having the most potent charm.

Robert Burns was one who counted his loves by the score. In his Highland Mary he has embalmed, like a butterfly in amber, one of the least of these stories of his life, so that we forget the many cases in which Burns's heart was more nearly touched. His acquaintance with Mary Campbell ran parallel to the real love story of his life. "Bonnie Jean" was the daughter of a master mason in Mauchline, a comely country lass, full of sweetness and grace. Burns wrote of her to Mrs. Chalmers in 1788. "She has got the handsomest figure, the sweetest temper, the soundest constitution, and the kindest heart in the county. She is also well acquainted with her Bible, and with all the ballads of the country side, and has the finest wood notes you ever heard."

Burns picked up her acquaintance at a village ball. They happened to be in the same dance, when the poet's dog leaped among the dancers, fondling his master. Burns said to his partner that he wished he could find a lassie who would "love him as much as his dog did."

A week later Burns was going through the village one windy day, and Jean was laying out her linen to bleach on the green. The dog ran up to it, and was just caught by his master in time to save the linen from ruin.

Jean coquettishly asked him if he had found any one to love him as well as his dog. Burns never let a challenge go by. He turned back, and here was kindled the spark which flamed out in the "Epistle to Davie":

Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,  
And I my darling Jean.  
It warms me, it charms me  
To mention but her name;  
It heats me, it beets me,  
And sets me in a flame.

Jean seemed to be as much in love with the poet as he with her, and they contracted a marriage by means of a letter acknowledging their relation, which the Scotch law recognizes as valid. But Jean's father, old Armour the mason, was not so ready to let his daughter go in this light fashion. Burns was so poor that at this time he was making preparations to go to Jamaica, and was anything but desirable as a son in law.

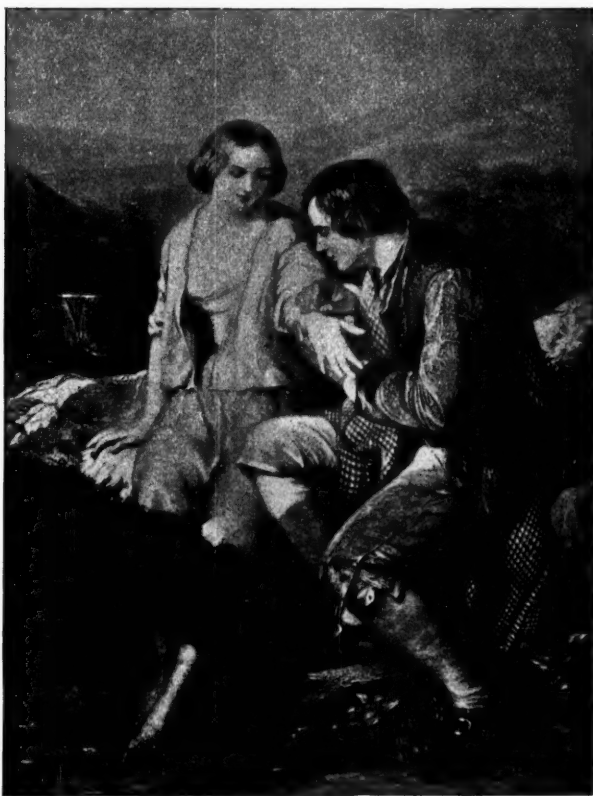
He made his daughter renounce the marriage, and Burns was compelled to come forward in church, and march back with a bachelor's certificate in his pocket.

The humiliation was keen, and in his letters at this time he speaks most bitterly of Jean Armour's conduct.

"She has made me completely miserable," he says. "Never man loved, or rather adored, a woman more than I did her, and to confess a truth between you and me, I do still love her to distraction after all, although I won't tell her so if I were to see her, which I hope I shall never do."

"My poor dear Jean, how happy I have been in thy arms! May Almighty God forgive her ingratitude and perjury to me, as I from my soul forgive her; and may His grace





ROBERT BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY.  
From the painting by Thomas Faed.

be with her and bless all her future life! I can have no nearer idea of the place of eternal punishment than what I have felt on her account. I have tried to forget her. I have run into all kinds of dissipations and riots. And now for a grand cure: the ship is on her way home that is to take me to Jamaica: then farewell, dear old Scotland! And farewell, dear ungrateful Jean, for never, never, will I see you more."

But Burns didn't go to Jamaica. He stayed and finally married Jean, but while his heart was breaking in this fashion, while he was suffering this "idea of eternal punishment," he was at the same time living through the romantic and tragic story of "Highland Mary."

Mary was the daughter of a sailor

in Campbeltown, who was in service at Mauchline during all the gossip about him and Jean. One can imagine the stories the poet must have told her, to turn the facts that she saw into other than they were. Mary started home to make arrangements for her marriage, after they had plighted their troth in a most sentimental fashion. On the banks of the Ayr, the lovers had a meeting on the second Sunday in May, 1786, and there they made the most solemn vows. Standing on each side of a running brook, and holding a Bible between them, the two swore to be one until death. Mary gave her lover a Bible, and he presented her with one in two volumes. These two volumes may be seen in the Burns monument at Alloway. They are

inscribed, by the hand of the poet, with two texts of scripture:

Ye shall not swear by My name falsely.  
I am the Lord.

Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thy oaths.

This was the last time Burns saw his Highland Mary. There seems

There was a glamour about many women for Goethe as there was for Burns. When Goethe first came to Weimar he was about twenty six years old, and of almost godlike beauty. His features resembled those of the Vatican Apollo; he was tall, athletic, and of delightful manner.

Long afterward, as he lay dead, an old man, his friend Eckermann, said of him: "I was astonished at the godlike splendor of his limbs—the breast above all, mighty, broad, and arched. A perfect man lay in great beauty before me; and the delight that it gave me, made me for a moment forget that the immortal soul had departed from such an envelope."

When Charlotte von Stein expressed a wish to make his acquaintance, one of her friends wrote to her: "You desire to see him, but you do not know how dangerous to you this lovable and charming man may become."

Goethe's love affairs began at fifteen. There had been Gretchen, and Katrina Schonkopf, the daughter of the tavern keeper, and Charity Meixner; next his dancing master's daughter, and then Frederika Brion, the daughter of the pastor. In Wetzlar he fell in love with Charlotte Buff, the original of Werther's

Charlotte. There seemed to be an endless procession of innamoratas marching through those ten years from boyhood to manhood. "Lili" had been the last. But Frau von Stein was the first woman of the world he had ever loved. In every respect she was far above his previous flames, and by her training and manners must have deeply impressed his artistic sense.

Precisely where they first met we do not know, but it is likely that it was at her husband's country place. There is written on a table at Kochberg, "Goethe, den 6 Decbr, '75." Ten years later he wrote her a letter



JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.  
From the portrait by Jaeger.

to have been some balk in the preparations for the marriage, for she started out to service in Glasgow, stopped at Greenock to see a sick brother, and here caught fever and died. She is buried in the kirkyard, and pilgrims come here to drop their tears.

It seems to belong to the poetic nature to be a lover. Perhaps an explanation of the fact that nearly all great men have been known for many "affairs" lies in a phrenological reason. These people say that a great brain is usually great in all its parts—good and evil, upper and lower, spiritual and material.



HORATIO, LORD NELSON.  
From the portrait by Abbott.

on the same spot, and said: "I think of thee, my love, in the old castle, where, ten years ago, I first visited thee, and where thou heldest me so fast by thy love."

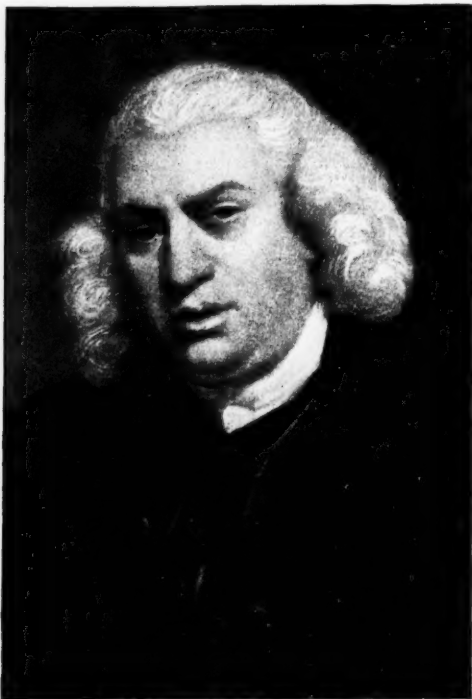
He came to Weimar for a visit of only a few weeks, but Frau von Stein held him so fast that he lived and died there. The ten years from 1775 to 1786 were the golden years of their intercourse. The love letters that Goethe wrote to her during this time are overflowing with mad, ardent passion. It was under her influence that he wrote "Tasso," "Iphigenia," "Egmont," and the first part of "Wilhelm Meister." She visited him almost as often as he visited her, and her children were

constant visitors at his house. The youngest child, Fritz, he almost adopted.

There was between them complete love and confidence. The letters which Goethe wrote at this time averaged one in four days, although sometimes four were written in one day. They vary as Frau von Stein plainly made an effort to keep his passion for her within bounds. Given a poet, a man with the temperament of Goethe, in love with a woman who could appreciate the outpourings of his heart, and the letters were certain to be models of that sort of literature. Once he wrote:

My soul has grown fast to thine. Thou

knowest that I am inseparable from thee. Adieu, sweet support of my inmost heart! I see and hear nothing good that at the same moment I do not share with thee. All my observations of the world, and of myself, direct themselves, like Mark An-



DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.  
From the portrait by Kramer.

tony, not to my own, but to my second self. By means of this dialogue, in which in respect of everything I think what you would say to it, all becomes brighter and worthier to me.

In another letter he says:

It is with me in thy love, as if I dwelt no longer in tents and huts, but as if I had received the gift of a well founded house in which to live and die, and keep all my possessions. The memory of thy love is ever with me, and my inclination to thee, like the fear of God, is the beginning of wisdom. Thou art bound to me with every bond.

In August of 1786, they spent a fortnight at Carlsbad together, and it was from here that Goethe departed hurriedly for Italy. It has been a topic of endless speculation, what cause led to this departure.

He went under an assumed name, and was heard of first in Verona.

The great critic Adolph Stahr blames Frau von Stein for not breaking with her husband and marrying

Goethe, declaring that the only moral result. "It was," he says, "a sin against Goethe's future, against his destiny, against his happiness, against the happiness which he so ardently desired, and which he knew like few how to appreciate; against the happiness which a home and family assures in marriage. If Goethe's development here exhibits a gap, his fate here a dark place, yea, in his later career a heartbreaking tragedy, a portion of the blame can never be removed from a woman who was too petty for the fortune which the favor of destiny offered her in preference to many thousands."

Few people will agree with this, however. It is generally thought that during their stay in Carlsbad they planned an elopement into Italy together; that Goethe went and she failed to join him. This was the beginning of the break. That he expected her to join him is proven by one letter:

Then will I live with thee in the free world, and in happy solitude, without name and rank, come nearer to the earth out of which we were

taken.

And yet he stayed away two years, and came home to be offended because she would not listen to stories about a love affair he had had in Florence. In less than a month, he had taken up with Christiane Vulpius, a red cheeked young girl of little intelligence, whom he afterward married. Frau von Stein seems to have been very jealous of this new love, and spoke of her as his "chambermaid." Presently, her description of Goethe became "the fat privy counselor."

Time deadened both jealousy and love, and as years went by they had become good acquaintances, who had seemingly forgotten everything.

Frau von Stein did remember that Goethe's letters would be a valuable heirloom, and carefully preserved them.

Lord Nelson, who left the love of his later life as a legacy to the gratitude of his king and his country, was not a man who was a general favorite with women. He was himself the victim of an overwhelming passion for a woman who had a marvelous fascination for every man who came under her influence.

Emma Lyons was born a peasant, and in her girlhood was a servant—and legend says a very untidy servant, who pinned up the rents in her stockings. She went from one household to another, until she finally became the protégée and model of Romney, the celebrated artist, the rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds as a portrait painter.

Romney's most famous pictures were painted from Emma Lyons. She had a great talent for singing and acting, and Galini offered her ten thousand dollars a year to engage with him. She preferred, however, to marry Sir William Hamilton, with whom she had been living for two years.

Immediately after the wedding Sir William and Lady Hamilton started for Naples, where he was the British ambassador. There Lady Hamilton soon became the intimate friend of the Queen of Naples. She used the information gained through this intimacy to perform the service to England that brought her to the notice of Nelson, and won her his admiration and his heart.

From the queen, at a critical moment, she obtained a royal concession, which allowed Nelson, in defiance of the Neapolitan treaties of neutrality, to enter the port of Syracuse with his fleet, and secure supplies that enabled him to fight and win the great victory of the Nile.

When Sir William Hamilton and his wife were recalled, Nelson accompanied them to England, madly infatuated, and ready to leave all for Lady Hamilton. Lady Nelson did not come to welcome her husband,

and in a short while she left him entirely.

Lady Hamilton kept her complete ascendancy over him, and was until his last hour, amid all the terrible exactions of his career, the one delight of his life. On the morning of the battle of Trafalgar, when every nerve was strained to its utmost tension, and the presentiment of death was upon him, Nelson retired to his cabin and wrote the following lines:

I leave Emma, Lady Hamilton, a legacy to my king and country, that they will give her ample provision to maintain her rank in life. I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter Horatia Nelson Thompson; and I desire that she will in future use the name of Nelson only.

These are the only favors I ask of my king and country, at this moment when I am going to fight their battle.

How his king and country treated this legacy, history knows. Lady Hamilton, the beloved of England's hero, starved in a garret, and there is not even a trace of her grave.

Going from men like these, handsome, distinguished in manner—for Burns was that, peasant and all—it seems ridiculous to look upon Dr. Samuel Johnson as the hero of a love story. Yet there have been found records which prove that under that uncouth exterior, that clumsy, ugly body, Johnson through long years cherished for Mrs. Thrale the deepest, tenderest, and most hidden affection.

Given a man of vigorous intellect, strong though controlled passion, and on the other hand a brilliant and fascinating woman, and let the two be thrown together intimately for sixteen years, and there seems but one result. Poor Dr. Johnson forgot how old he must seem to this woman who so delighted him. Conscious only of his own youthful feeling, he could not know that Mrs. Thrale could only see in the suggestion of giving him her heart a subject for ridicule.

The savant spent hours in contemplation of Mrs. Thrale's gowns. She says that upon one occasion, "no accidental position of a riband es-

caped him. Once when I went with him to Lichfield, and came down stairs to breakfast in the inn, my dress did not please him, and he made me alter it entirely before he would stir a step with me. 'You little creatures,' he said, 'should wear gay colors.'"

For sixteen years Dr. Johnson sat at Mrs. Thrale's feet, adoring her, trying to save her from the coarseness of a stupid husband; and then

when Mr. Thrale died, and Johnson felt that his years of waiting were to be rewarded, she married Piozzi, whom she had long loved.

Dr. Johnson cried out at the news, his whole frame convulsed, "She loves no one!"

It was a pitiful figure—the old man, to whom love had never been given, to see the one coal of fire in the ashes of his life taken to kindle a blaze on another hearthstone.

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"LOVE BLOWS AS THE WIND BLOWS."

Have a care, my lady,  
Or at some other shrine thy lover will be sighing;  
Laugh and sigh, smile and cry,  
Pout  
And flout,  
Use the prettiest art,  
If thou'd keep his heart,  
Or for a newer love thy lover will be sighing.

Have a care, my lady!  
His fancy's wing already is pluming for a flight.  
Frown and flush, pale and blush,  
Dance  
And glance;  
Use thy dainty skill to charm him,  
See to it that thou disarm him,  
Or some other beauty will slay him in her might.

Have a care, my lady--  
Bind him but with roses, and let his chains not gall him.  
Make haste—not waste  
Time  
And prime;  
Have a hundred faces,  
And a thousand graces,  
And never be the same if thou forever wouldst enthrall him.

*Jean Wright.*





## THE LAST CHAPTER.

*By Richard Mace.*

THE sun was going down behind a bank of clouds so brilliant, so gay, that the artist with the audacity to cover his canvas with the like would have found his production unhung. Art must always be toned down from the crudeness of nature. The ordinary vision is so seldom diverted from its own affairs to glance at what the great forces that are at the foundation of all are doing, that when it sees a reproduction of effects, it is startled and disbelieving.

The girl and the man who sat on the hillside, their heads silhouetted against all this glory, had come out for the ostensible purpose of looking at it, but they had seen nothing except each other. They had so much to discuss, so much to tell, to talk of, to talk over. He was just back from an ocean voyage of three long years in the man of war to which he had been detailed after leaving Annapolis, and she was his sweetheart, the girl he had been engaged to ever since he wore roundabouts and cut the buttons off them for her to wear on her bangles.

"I can't realize it," she said pensively, clasping her hands about her knees. They were pretty, dimpled little white hands, with the diamond ring he had given her—a very small diamond, bought with money he had saved out of his pay—lost among the half dozen rings on her fingers.

"I can't realize that you are actually home again. It seems a thousand years since that night at Annapolis, when you gave me this." She fumbled among the rings, and brought the poor little stone to the top among its braver brothers. "What a big man I thought you

were, and how grand in your uniform. It was the first time I had ever seen you in your uniform. I thought you were nine feet tall;" and she laughed, turned sidewise, and looked him squarely in the face, his own exactly on a level with hers. She was an unusually tall girl, fully five feet nine, and about his own height.

"I thought then, as I think now," he said, "that you were the prettiest girl I ever saw."

"I had an awfully good time that night," she said again, looking dreamily off over the green plain that lay beneath them.

"The boys were awfully struck with you, I remember that."

He looked at her admiringly. Her hair was yellow, and she had taken off her hat and put it on the grass beside her. In her close white frock, with the Psyche knot above the white nape of her neck, she might have sat for a decorative panel.

"They were awfully good to me. But there was another girl there—the sister of one of the men. Mary—something. She had almost as good a time as I had—or may be a better. You danced with her two or three times."

"While you danced with the other fellows. Yes. Barstow's sister, Barstow from California, I suppose you mean. A little thing—all black eyes and hair, and red lips and white teeth. Seems to me I do remember her. Do you know what became of her brother? Oh, yes! I remember, he was stationed at the Smithsonian in Washington, on account of his uncle having that political pull. He has had a regular soft and velvety time of it while we

poor devils have been measuring the velocity of the currents on the western coast of South America, where nobody on earth or sea ever goes."

"But you weren't there all the time."

"No, we did have a stay in San Francisco for a little while, but the whole thing was stupid. How would you like to live in San Francisco? A fellow might get stationed there."

"I think it would be perfectly jolly."

"Like it better than Washington?"

"Oh, *yes!* Much, much. *Don't* try to get stationed in Washington. There isn't any place I wouldn't rather be."

"I should think you would like it immensely. You spent a winter there, didn't you? Winter before last. The one when we were so far away all the time that it was impossible to get any letters."

"Yes. But I didn't like it at all. It was wretchedly stupid. The same old round, and the same old people, over and over. I got so sick and tired of it all. I believe I am fond of a simple life. I shall have a little home somewhere, near where your ship happens to be, so that I can see you now and then."

"Do you think," he said, "that you know exactly how trying the life of the wife of an officer in the navy can be? None of your people have ever been accustomed to giving up in any way. It isn't as though you had had any relatives in the navy, so that you might gradually become accustomed to the thing. Do you think what it will be to be alone for a year or two at a time sometimes? Are you ready to stand that for me? To be happy in the thought that I am coming home some time—unless I never come?"

She turned and looked at him sharply for an instant—and then tears came up into her big blue eyes, and rested for a moment before she wiped them away. He had pulled his soft gray felt hat down over his square dark forehead, and was look-

ing off into the amber sea of the sky and did not see them.

"I do not want you to leave your profession," she said.

"I could not leave it. It is part of me. I would not ask for any of the soft places at home. I love the sound of my feet on the decks. I love the ocean and its swell. I love the long and silent nights on the wide, wide sea. I am proud to carry the flag of my country into strange ports. It thrills me to be one of its representatives. I am in my proper place in the world. I should be out of place anywhere else. The trials of the life that we navy men have grown into the habit of groaning and grumbling about are a mere bagatelle to me. I do not see, nor feel them. I am never so happy as when the sky is above and the ocean beneath."

"I might wonder if those things were not dearer to you than I am," she said.

"The woman a man loves is different from anything on earth," he said. "She is *part* of his enjoyment of everything that comes into his life. If he is sure of her; if he has confidence in her; if he rests upon the certainty that she is as close to him as he would have her be, there can be no such thing as a rival. The thought of her is instinctive, it possesses him. Tell me. I know nothing about the mind of a woman. How is it with her?"

The girl lifted her chin, and the light of the veiled and sinking sun outlined her pure and perfect profile with a line of white light. The black eyes of the man, deeply set, thoughtful, in his strong and ocean-browned face, looked at her with the deepest admiration. Almost any man would have remembered her as the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

"How is it with the girl?" he said.

She paused for an instant to think.

"It is like this with the girl. When she—but I could not make you understand. No *man* could understand!"

"You might let me try," he said

humbly. "You might, for once, unveil to me the heart of a woman who is constant; to whom constancy is second nature; who, as a young girl, almost a child, before the softness of her character had become stable, when she could be pardoned for almost any sort of a whim, had given her heart to a boy, almost as young and inexperienced as she, and has kept true to him through years of separation. You might, you being that girl, and I that boy, let me know how your heart has been toward me during all this time. It would be a very sweet thing to know."

"Is constancy a rare thing?" she asked.

"Yes, and no."

She looked at him inquiringly, and finding his eyes full and searching upon her face, turned away with a little flush.

"What do you mean by 'yes, and no'?"

"I mean something that you must feel. Take two people who are perfectly and entirely congenial; there is no question of constancy, as I said a moment ago. The two are so undivided that there is no cutting loose, instinctive or otherwise. If people are not all this to each other; if there is room between them for another image to creep in, then there should be no necessity for constancy. They were never meant to be everything to each other. They cannot be. It is better for both if the division—the possible division—is shown by some one else coming in before it is too late."

"How serious we are getting," she said lightly, rising and putting on her hat, and tying the broad strings under her chin. Shaking her skirts clear from the bits of stick and grass that had clung to her, she lifted them gracefully in one hand, and started up the hill to the path that led along its top.

He walked beside her, a conspicuous figure enough, with his gait that was a little different from that of the ordinary man who walked the city streets. There was a look about

his very plain citizen's dress that was in some ways distinctive. It was worn with a trimness that was far from dandyism. His thoughtful face was melancholy for one so young; melancholy and thoughtful from weeks and months with the great elements, far from the pettinesses and frictions of the ordinary life among men.

As they came down into the town, there were nods and bows and words of approval upon every tongue. Everybody knew the two young people. She was the daughter of the oldest family in the town, and he was her second cousin. Their marriage was inevitable, everybody had said from their babyhood. She was sweet and pretty and fair, and he was strong and sturdy and dark, and everybody liked them both. It was an ideal match. What more could they ask of the world? He had come home with a long leave, and of course they would be married at once.

They both felt the glances of the town's people. It was a summer evening, and the sun was down. As they walked up the street under the maples, ladies were coming out upon the shaded verandas to enjoy the cool air. They had dressed in their pretty gowns for the evening, and were waiting for the tea bells to sound through their open doors. The carriers were throwing the evening papers into the lawns, and they were spread out upon almost every veranda they passed. They both knew that there would be a rather florid account of Lieutenant Ransom's home coming in their columns, and more than a hint of his approaching marriage to his cousin. They could almost read the words in the eyes of their smiling acquaintances who bowed to them over the top of the little damp sheets.

"Even if we're not constant to each other, I hardly see how we would dare acknowledge it in the face of all this," Ellen said.

"I have lived too much out of the world to care for public opinion," Ransom said. "We forget every-

thing, we sailors, except our own souls, as mentors. That is the reason people call us brutal."

They walked on in silence until they came to the iron gateway that led into the old Ransom place. Ellen lived here alone with her father, who was a student, lost in his books.

Ransom was staying with his mother, who had married a second time and lived up the road. He held the iron gate wide for Ellen's passing.

"Are you coming in?" she said.

He looked up the path. It wound about and was dusky under the trees.

"Of course. I promised mother that I would be home to tea, but I am going to take you up to the house first."

The first turn hid them from the street. Ellen stopped as though she were going to say something, and then, catching her breath, untied her hat strings, and, tying them again over her arm, went on, but more and more slowly. Her color came up boldly, and then faded entirely out. Ransom walked by her side, and said never a word.

The path was clear away before them. At the end of the avenue, over one wing of the big, silent old house, in which not a single light had shown itself, the tender crescent of the young moon hung in the early evening sky. It was a time of peace; a time for lovers to walk, a time for them to make, for coming years, plans full of sentiment, sweetness, and romance, that are only made in the dreamland of lovers, quite impossible of carrying out in the sober light of every day.

Half a dozen times Ellen had opened her lips to speak; and now, when they had only the turn to make which would bring them before the front door, she stopped, and, trembling a little, put out her hand and laid it on Ransom's.

"Henry," she said, "I am not at all the girl you think me, and I must tell you about it."

Ransom's face was pale.

"What sin have you committed?" he said lightly.

"I thought, perhaps, we should quarrel—I had rather made up my mind that we should quarrel, and you should never know; but this evening, while you were talking about constancy and all that sort of thing, it made me feel so contemptibly mean that I made up my mind to tell you all about it." She looked into his face pleadingly, as though he were going to help her out, but Ransom only returned her look. "I haven't been constant," she said with an effort.

"Do you mean that you love some one else?"

She looked at him dumbly and nodded, and then put her hands over her face.

"Who is it?"

There wasn't any answer, and he took her hands down from her face, and held them. "Tell me about it," he said gravely.

She looked away through the thick trees, and spoke slowly and in a low tone, he still holding her hands and looking into her face. "It was winter before last, when I was in Washington. You know I was staying with Mrs. Senator Spaulding, and we went everywhere, and met everybody. I was interested in all the navy people—naturally—you were in the navy."

"And you hadn't begun to be inconstant then?"

She looked at him in a pained sort of way, and went on, "And whenever I came across any of your old classmates—especially any that I met at that hop the year you graduated—of course I was pleased, and extra nice to them. And—Mr. Barstow got to coming to the house a good deal. We talked about you at first—and then I met him everywhere—and then—" She stopped.

"And then you found he was interested in you, and that interested you, and then you grew to care—and I was forgotten? Was that the way? Tell me."

She looked at him and did not say one word. He stood there be-

fore her, holding her hands. If any one could have seen them, there would have been another little story told of a pair of sentimental lovers wooing away in the gloaming.

"I too have a story to tell," he said. "My conscience has ached, too. I have wondered if it were for your happiness that I should tell you. I hope you will believe that it is your happiness that I consider in this matter above all things."

"And so," Ellen said with some feeling, drawing her hands away, "all your questions about constancy were merely to see if I had anything to tell. I am very glad that I gave you your opportunity."

"If you had not spoken, I never should have done so."

"But you carefully made sure that I would do so."

"Be just to me."

"Tell me the story."

"It was in California. You know we were turned loose in there off a long voyage, where we had not spoken to a woman, especially seen a woman of our own class, for months and months. Put a susceptible young fellow down by the side of a beautiful, sprightly girl, under those circumstances, and what happens?"

"Was she in love with you?" Ellen returned.

"I haven't asked her."

"Are you going to?"

It was his turn for silence. Ellen looked at him much as he had looked at her.

"Who is she?" she asked.

"Mary Barstow. Barstow's sister. I met her that night at the hop. Her mother asked all of us who were class mates of Barstow's to their home in San Francisco."

Ellen took her hat up and looked at it as though she had never seen it before; and then she laughed.

"It's a pretty good joke, Henry, isn't it? We must patch up some sort of a story to tell people. We cannot tell the truth. It is too ridiculous. That we have been playing at constancy, at being lovers, these three years; that we were on

the eve of marrying each other—and that there is not only *one* somebody else, but two, and they brother and sister! It sounds just like a foolish story."

"I should dislike to quarrel with you," he said. "I hope you will be happy."

Ellen stood with her back against the trunk of a tree. It was almost dark now, and the little moon threw a pathway of silver almost down to them.

"You must go tonight. I cannot tell papa tonight. Come tomorrow and we will—quarrel."

Ransom half turned, and then came back. "I suppose," he said, and his voice was not very steady, "I may kiss my cousin good night?"

Ellen turned her head away and started toward the moonlight, and then she turned.

"Henry, it's a mean thing to tell you, but I knew all about that affair between you and Mary Barstow. I heard it last winter. I never meant to be so cruel as to keep you to your promise to me."

"And I," he said, "knew all about the flirtation you had with Barstow, but I didn't know how truly serious it was until tonight. Who told you? And what did you hear?" The calm of Ransom's demeanor was ruffled into something like eagerness as he put the questions.

"I heard that you were engaged to Mary Barstow out there in California."

"And I heard that you were the same as engaged to Barstow here in Washington."

"Who told you?"

"His sister. But tell me, who told you I was engaged to any other woman?"

"Her brother."

"He's a liar!" Ransom said furiously, but under his breath. "I always hated that girl!"

"And I him!" Ellen burst out. "I never dreamed of marrying him. His sister knows I wouldn't look at him!"

They stood opposite each other for a second, and then, when she



caught her breath again, it was in  
laughter and little gasping sobs, on  
Ransom's shoulder.

He had lied!

She had lied!

They gave each other a look, and  
opening wide his arms he clasped  
her close into them, while she  
alternately laughed and cried on his  
shoulder.

### THE SONG OF THE SHELL.

SING me a song, little shell--  
A song from over the sea!  
Tell me if all be well  
With the maiden that loveth me;  
Bring me a word from my loved one over the sea.

\* \* \* \*

The dimpling waves have kissed  
The far away shore,  
And paused and returned to list  
For her step once more.

They have heard her step and her voice  
And all the way over the sea,  
Merrily, merrily,—have they not cause to rejoice?—  
They have brought the message to me.

What wonder they sparkle and shine  
And shine and sparkle and dance the whole journey through?  
Do they not carry a smile from her eyes to thine,  
A smile from the eyes of brown to the eyes of blue?

Lover, if thou wouldst hear  
The message from over the sea,  
Bow thy head and thy heart and come near,  
And I will breathe the music into thine ear,  
As the waves have sung it to me.

\* \* \* \*

I have counted the waves of the sea,  
And the ships sailing lazily by from sun to sun;  
All the days coming blithely over the hills to me,  
All the nights glowing tenderly back when the days are done.  
Hasten, oh, hasten their passage, for I shall be  
Beyond the clouds and the waves, love, with thee—with thee—  
When the days and the nights and the ships have come and gone.

*Mildred McNeal.*

## DENMARK'S GREAT SCULPTOR.

*By C. Stuart Johnson.*

THE little kingdom of Denmark, nearly comparable to Maryland in area and to Massachusetts in population, regards as one of the chief glories of its history the name of Albert Bertel Thorwaldsen. Thorwaldsen was his country's greatest contribution to the world's art, as

death Thorwaldsen succeeded him as president of the Academy of St. Luke. On the other hand, Thorwaldsen was connected by ties of artistic fellowship with Hiram Powers, who died only twenty years ago.

The story is that Powers, who had



THORWALDSEN'S "LION OF LUCERNE."

were Tycho Brahe and Oersted to science, and Hans Christian Andersen to literature.

The career of Thorwaldsen links the era of Canova to that of the generation immediately preceding our own. At Rome, when Canova was at the height of his renown, the Danish sculptor was the sole aspirant to anything like rivalry with the Italian master's fame; and after Canova's

just come to Rome from Washington, was anxious to get Thorwaldsen's opinion upon a figure that he had modeled in clay. The young American was too modest to apply to the famous Dane until a friend arranged the matter for him, and brought Thorwaldsen to his studio. Arrived there, the master stood before the model for several minutes without speaking. Then he turned



THORWALDSEN'S "HOPE."

to Powers, who was awaiting his verdict with intense eagerness.

"You say this is your first statue?" he inquired.

Powers, scarcely trusting himself to speak, gave an affirmative nod.

"Then," said Thorvaldsen, "let me tell you that I should be proud to call it my last."

And his generous words were an earnest of the world's approbation of Powers's work. The model was that of the Greek Slave, unquestionably the most famous statue ever produced by an American.

Like Canova, Thorvaldsen first came to Rome as the "prize stud-

ent" of his own country. He was born on the 18th of November, 1770, on a ship that was bearing his parents from Iceland to Denmark. At Copenhagen, whither they were journeying, Gottschalk Thorvaldsen, the father, who was a carver of wood, found employment in the royal dockyards, fashioning figureheads and other ornaments for the Danish men of war. He was poor, and could afford his son little schooling. Before he was ten years old the boy was helping his father in the dockyards.

He displayed such precocious skill that his father sent him to the free academy of art that Frederick V of Denmark had established in Copenhagen. At this school, besides instruction in art, the rudiments of a general education were given. Young Thorvaldsen's talent lay all in one direction. He had no liking for books, and apparently no capacity to master their contents. But place carving and modeling tools in his hand, and he became, seemingly, a different being. He won all the prizes and medals that the academy offered. Finally, in 1790, there was awarded him a traveling scholarship, entitling him to three years' study abroad at the expense of the government. A Danish man of war bound for the Mediterranean took him to Rome.

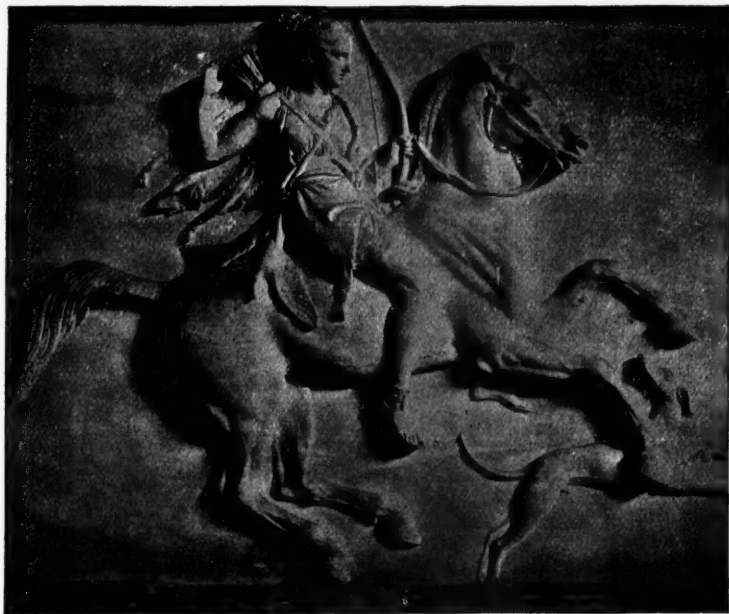
Thorvaldsen appeared at Rome in the spring of 1791, a young man of twenty, with little education save in his art, and with no resources but the slender stipend allowed him by the Copenhagen government. He had a few letters of introduction to the intellectual leaders of the Eternal City, and was not long in finding friends there. The most intimate was Joseph Anton Koch, a German painter, with whom he took up his quarters. Another was Zoëga the archæologist, a fellow countryman of Thorvaldsen's, at whose house he met many men of letters and of science.

Into the artistic circles of Roman society—at that day the most brilliant in Europe—Thorvaldsen's

genius and his engaging personality readily secured him admission. But fame and fortune were disappointingly slow in their coming. With the unlimited incentive of Rome's great classical collections, he studied hard, sending a report of his work to Copenhagen twice a year. His allowance was extended for another three years, but it afforded him a bare living, and he could find almost no other patronage.

But no purchaser appeared for Thorwaldsen's work, and the expiration of his six years' allowance was very near. He could see no prospect of winning even a livelihood in Rome, and he decided to go back to Denmark.

On the day before that of his departure he was saying farewell to his friends, when something occurred to postpone his journey for another twenty four hours. The incident



THORWALDSEN'S "AMAZON GOING TO THE CHASE."

Much of his sixth year in Rome he devoted to working out his conception of a classical figure—Jason. First he modeled it in life size; then, dissatisfied with the result, he destroyed what he had done, and re-modeled it on a heroic scale. Frederike Brun, remembered as the author of "Letters from Rome" and as the friend of Madame de Staël, bore the expense of making a plaster cast; and this, when exhibited, first won for Thorwaldsen the enthusiasm of the critics. The great Canova himself came to see it, and praised it as "a work in a new and lofty style."

was the turning point of his career. On the following day a rich English banker, Thomas Hope, came into his studio, saw the cast of Jason, appreciated its merit, and asked the young sculptor his price for completing the statue in marble. Thorwaldsen named six hundred sequins (about \$1,500), whereupon Mr. Hope told him that his estimate was too low, and generously promised him eight hundred sequins.

Not only was the eight hundred sequins promised, but a part of it was paid in advance. Thorwaldsen became independent of his allowance from Copenhagen, and was en-

abled to stay at Rome, in the atmosphere most congenial to the development of his genius.

As many another struggler for success has found, Thorwaldsen's first step was the hardest to make. For years it had been almost impossible to secure a purchaser for his work; now, his earliest important commission was followed at once by a shower of orders. He worked

after time he took it up, only to lay it aside again almost at once for work that seemed more immediately important.

As Thorwaldsen's fame grew, he received many pressing invitations to return to his native country. The crown prince of Denmark (afterward Christian VIII) offered him a high position in the academy at which he had once been a penniless-school-



THORWALDSEN'S "CUPID AND SWAN."

hard and rapidly, but not fast enough to keep pace with the demand. Rome's greatest and wealthiest were eager to do him homage. His fame reached Copenhagen, and the Danish king proved that a prophet is not always without honor in his own country by knighting him. *Cavaliero Alberto* he was thereafter called at Rome—a name easier to Italian tongues than the rugged consonants of his northern surname.

It was not creditable to Thorwaldsen—although characteristic enough of the artistic genius—that his Jason, the statue that first brought him financial success, was not completed for more than twenty years after its purchaser's liberality aided him at so critical a moment of his life. Time

boy. In 1811 he had almost made up his mind to go back to Copenhagen when he was detained by an urgent order for decorations to be placed in the Quirinal in honor of Napoleon's visit to Rome, the second capital of his empire.

The work Thorwaldsen executed on this occasion was a frieze in bas relief, the Triumph of Alexander, representing the Grecian conqueror, Napoleon's prototype and ideal, entering the captured city of Babylon. The French emperor was so much delighted with it that he commissioned its author to execute a marble copy, for which he agreed to pay three hundred and twenty thousand francs. The work was begun, but never completed. It was but half



finished when Napoleon was swept from the throne into exile.

Not until 1819 did Thorwaldsen revisit Denmark. On his northward way he was welcomed at the various courts of Germany with the honors due to a master genius of his age. At one of them he was received in a hall around which there stood artists costumed and posed in imitation of his own statuary. At Lucerne he undertook one of his most striking and famous works—the great lion, hewn in the face of the live rock, that commemorates the valor and devotion of Louis XVI's Swiss guard, butchered by the Parisian mob in August and September, 1792.

Another incident of Thorwaldsen's journey was his meeting with Alexander I of Russia, of whom he modeled a bust, and who at parting drew a costly ring from his finger, and placed it on the sculptor's.

At Copenhagen he was greeted enthusiastically. His genius was at once enlisted for the embellishment



THORWALDSEN'S "VENUS WITH THE APPLE."

of the Frue Kirke (Church of the Virgin), shattered a dozen years before by the guns of the British fleet, and then in course of restoration. For it he was commissioned to execute statues of the twelve apostles, John the Baptist, and the Guardian Angel.

After a few months in his native city, Thorwaldsen returned to Rome, where for the next eighteen years he remained almost continuously. For most of that period—after Canova's death in 1822—he reigned supreme as the leader of the papal city's art world. The poor wood carver's son was now the associate of the greatest princes of Europe. No monarch visited

Rome without paying his respects at Thorwaldsen's studio. The pope himself—Leo XII—came down from the Vatican to see the Danish sculptor at work. He received unnumbered decorations, and the privilege of becoming his pupil was eagerly sought for.

Success never turned his head nor



THORWALDSEN'S "SALE OF LOVES."



ALBERT BERTEL THORWALDSEN.

spoiled the unpretentious affability of his character. He was noted for his unaffected, democratic manner, and for the precise similarity of the courtesy he displayed to the loftiest and the lowliest. The friendship he valued most was that of men eminent rather for intellect than for wealth or worldly station—such men as Sir Walter Scott and Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, whom he met at Rome.

For Lord Byron, of whom he executed a bust, Thorwaldsen is said to have conceived a strong dislike. Byron was a *poseur*. The story goes that when he sat before Thorwaldsen he set his features into that expression of profound melancholy which he loved to assume.

"That," said the sculptor, stopping his modeling, "is not your natural expression."

Byron declined to change it; Thor-

waldsen declined to copy it. The result was that the bust was pronounced an admirable likeness by Byron's friends, an execrable one by the poet himself.

Horace Vernet, the great French painter of battle pieces, who worked at Rome from 1828 to 1835, was one of Thorwaldsen's intimates. When Vernet left the Eternal City some members of his artistic coterie tendered him a farewell banquet, and as he sat at table crowned him with a silver laurel wreath. But the painter would not accept the symbol of primacy. Taking it in his hands he turned to Thorwaldsen, who sat next to him, and placed it on the brow of the Danish sculptor, with the words, "None of us should wear a crown so long as he remains without one."

In his domestic life Thorwaldsen was neither fortunate nor judicious. For many years he spurned social conventions with an in-

difference born not of a deliberately vicious bent, but of a genius naturally deficient in balance. At the house of his friend Zoëga he met and conceived a romantic passion for a beautiful maid of his host's wife. It was probably Thorwaldsen's early poverty that led this woman—who seems to have been entirely unworthy of him—to marry another, a Signor d'Uhden; and perhaps it was his later affluence that caused her to desert her husband and take up her abode with her artist lover.

These two lived together for many years, but not happily. They had one child, a daughter, whom Thorwaldsen loved deeply. Madame d'Uhden entered into neither his artistic nor his social life. Her beauty was not matched by gifts of mind or soul, and she could have been nothing but a clog to his career.

Later in life Thorwaldsen rose above this entanglement. Shortly before his journey to Copenhagen in 1819 he had met a Scotch lady, Miss Frances McKenzie, who deeply impressed him. A genuine affection sprang up between them, which lasted for several years; but they never married.

Of Thorwaldsen's manner of life at Rome the following details are quoted from a contemporary letter:

"He lives in the Palazzo Tomoti, Via Sistina. The first story is devoted to his private apartments, the atelier being on the floor above, and you reach it by a narrow staircase. When you knock at the door, the great sculptor, like Poussin, opens it himself.

"The furniture of the apartment is simple, almost primitive, but a multitude of fine paintings ornament the walls.

"There are bookcases, filled with books, rare vases, collections of medals and gems of all kinds. All around are fine engravings, sketches, portraits of princes and artists. In front of the house is a garden which can be reached from the atelier, where aloes, wild roses, and other flowers straggle over blocks of marble. Thorwaldsen is remarkable for his great activity and the close attention he gives to everything upon which he is engaged. You follow the idea in his work with exceeding ease. His conversation, when he is only executing, not planning or composing, is easy, pleasant, and at the same time full of thought and shrewdness. Not one among the artists takes a keener interest in zealous young beginners. Of the men who have earned the right to the artist's citizenship in the world he is one of the greatest.

"Art has given him the highest rank, and a rank which can nowhere be ignored, not even in Germany—that country of hereditary titles. His is incontestably a mind of the first order. To a remarkable energy he adds

that peculiar versatility which seems to belong only to graceful talent. He ends his life, commenced among peasants, in the first rank of society, where he inspires as much interest as veneration."

In 1837 Rome was threatened by a severe epidemic of cholera. Thorwaldsen, now approaching his three score and ten years, made his will, in which he bequeathed his art collection to the city of Copenhagen, on condition that a building should be erected for its reception.

This project afterwards took shape as the Thorwaldsen Museum, which stands in the center of the Danish capital, and is one of the city's "show places."

The closing scenes of Thorwaldsen's life were enacted at the home of his boyhood. In 1838 he left



THORWALDSEN'S "MAXIMILIAN I OF BAVARIA."

Rome, and was carried to Denmark by a Danish man of war. His entry into Copenhagen was a veritable triumph. The whole city thronged to greet him with streaming flags and booming cannon. He was lion-

which he was very fond, when he fell forward and never spoke again.

"Thorwaldsen is dead!" whispered those who sat beside him, and the words went through the city as a message of sorrow to a nation.

"Thorwaldsen is dead!"

It was the death he had wished for. A few months before an admiral of the Danish navy had fallen beneath a sudden fatal stroke in the same way and at the same theater. Andersen relates that when Thorwaldsen heard of it, he remarked, "Is not that a beautiful way to die—a death to be envied?"

Thorwaldsen's tomb, in the courtyard of the museum that bears his name, is a spot deeply revered by his countrymen, and to this day decked with constant offerings of flowers.

The building that surrounds his tomb is an impressive monument of the dead sculptor's fame. It is of a semi Egyptian order of architecture, and its shape is a quadrangle surrounding a square central court. Its spacious galleries contain—including statues, reliefs, casts, models, and designs—more than a thousand specimens of Thorwaldsen's work. The

equestrian figure of Maximilian of Bavaria, shown on page 299, is one of the finest things in the museum, but there are many other notable pieces of statuary there. Their wonderful variety of style, scale, and conception, is a striking testimony to Thorwaldsen's versatility and originality.

In the upper story there are rooms stored with curios and personal mementos of the master, and a gallery that contains his notable collection of pictures. Indeed, the entire museum is as if were a temple erected to the memory of a national hero.



CORRIDOR OF THE THORWALDSEN MUSEUM AT COPENHAGEN.

ized in a way that might have turned the head of a more self-conceited man.

His chief friends at Copenhagen were Hans Christian Andersen, who was then rising to the zenith of his literary fame; Thiele, the historian; and Baron Stampe, who built Thorwaldsen a studio in which his last work with the chisel was done. Six peaceful years the old sculptor passed, honored and beloved, and then, on the 24th of March, 1844, he passed peacefully away. He had just entered the theater and taken his seat to witness the play, of

## THE ROMANCE OF AN OLD GATE.

*By Charlotte Benedict.*

ONE can see astonishing things in this workaday world, if one keeps one's eyes open. I could, if I chose, tell strange tales of what has happened under my arch, and on the neighboring corner of the piazza, and in Dulce's own little white room with the pretty corner window.

Sweet Dulce! They tell me she is not beautiful, but if the true, steadfast look of her gentle dark eyes, and the dimples that twinkle about the corners of her rosy mouth, her girlish grace and the clear tone of her soft, low voice—if these are not sweeter than the charms of a town bred beauty, then you may chop me down and use me for fire wood. Colonel Elliot seemed to think so, too; so did Dr. Clay and Will Stuart and Tom Blake.

But as for Dulce's cousin. Everything that comes to the house, comes through me, and my opportunities for observation have been great. I mistrusted that cousin from the very day of her arrival. It was her first visit to us, and she attracted a great deal of attention. Most people considered her far handsomer than Dulce. She was tall and straight figured, with black hair and red cheeks; but I didn't like her half as well, nor did Colonel Elliot, nor Dr. Clay, nor Will Stuart, nor yet young Tom Blake—though his judgment didn't count for much. Her air was foreign to us, and so were her ways.

From the way in which Madge Underhill would watch for Will Stuart's coming, would slyly "chance" to meet him and detain him by my side, opening her languishing eyes and pouring her cunning flatteries into his ears, any one with half an eye could have seen how it was with her; and I

knew on the day when he plainly told her of his love for Dulce that Will had not heard the last of the matter. But in my most far fetched dreams I failed to foresee the length



"MADGE WAS ONLY A FEW PACES AWAY."

to which her passionate resentment of the rebuff would carry her.

It was only two days later that Dulce sat by my side in her dainty white gown, with a big sun hat perched on her soft brown curls, which the wind tossed and caressed in a way rather trying to my feelings. Not that I had any real reason to complain of the wind, for he is al-



ways my very good friend, and brings me many a scrap of conversation and description of scenes that take place beyond my field of vision. Dulce leaned her head against my rough old side and sang to herself a little song about her heart being like an apple tree, and like a singing bird, because her lover had come to her.

It would have sounded like a very silly little song from any one else, but when it rippled between my Dulce's rosy lips, and she looked up with such a happy light in her dark eyes, and patted me softly and said: "Old gate, you don't know who is coming today," I thought it the very sweetest bit of melody in the world. I thought of what Will Stuart had confessed to Margaret Underhill of his love for Dulce, and remembered how I had seen my darling's soft cheek flush and her long lashes droop beneath his gaze. I knew that but yesterday he had bent his handsome head over her little hand, in the cool dusk, and her answer to his pleading words had been a murmured "I—I don't know! Tomorrow—perhaps."

So I knew that if Will Stuart would come he would find his answer waiting, and I knew—for I can put two and two together as well as another—what the waiting answer was. Consequently it was with a feeling that I should like to sweep in on my rusty hinges and shut him out, that I watched Tom Blake come quickly down the avenue.

It had long been clear to me that he was only waiting a fitting opportunity to tell his own love to Dulce. I had often shaken softly under my sheltering vines, at the pretty way in which she evaded his requests; and though he would sometimes rush from the house, his fiery temper aroused by her gentle rebuffs, he would as surely return within twenty four hours bearing some sweet apology in the shape of a great fragrant bunch of dewy flowers.

Impulsive, hot headed, and rash, Tom was still a brave lad with a warm heart and a manly way about

him. I sighed as he approached, fearing lest at this unpropitious moment he should put his fortune to the touch. My fears were realized, for after the briefest possible greeting he burst impetuously forth, telling of his love and longing so tenderly that I marveled at the firmness of Dulce's sad little "No."

"Tom," she said, "I tried to spare you this—indeed I tried to make you understand. Will you forgive me, Tom?"

Blake gazed at her fixedly for a moment, as if trying to realize her full meaning. Then he brushed almost roughly past her, without a word, wearing a hard, hurt look that sat strangely enough upon his frank, boyish features.

But I do firmly believe that Tom would have taken his dismissal like a man, and that no further unpleasantness would have come of the matter but for Margaret Underhill. While Dulce was lying by my side, crying her pretty eyes out, Margaret, in her rage, was making trouble out of the first material that came to her hand. She chose her instruments cleverly, and what men call the fates fought with her. As Blake turned away from Dulce, sore and smarting from the wounds to his love and to his self love, Margaret met him face to face.

One glance told her of his agitation, and I suppose her woman's instinct divined the cause. At any rate she led him back to the piazza, and there drew from him the story of his grievance.

Then came the difficult part of Margaret's task. The wind that warned me fairly howls when he tells how she played upon the poor lad's budding love and vanity, inflamed his wrath and his quickly roused Southern blood, cunningly seeking out those chords that would most readily vibrate under her skillful touch. She persuaded him that he was a dupe, tricked and mocked by Dulce and Will Stuart; that his friend, knowing of his suit, had treacherously supplanted him in his sweetheart's affection; and that the



"WILL STUART WENT ON TO UNCONSCIOUS LITTLE DULCE."

only balm for his wounded honor was to demand that so called "satisfaction" which in old days made murderers of so many noble gentlemen.

Tom was too young, too hot headed, and too much in love, to see how ridiculous it was. But her success must have surpassed Margaret's most sanguine expectations, for he rushed from her side blinded by passion and scarcely responsible for his actions.

It is small wonder that when he met Will Stuart, his fine face wearing a happy, confident smile, Blake responded to his cheery greeting with a few furious words of insult

and defiance. Will stepped back, the smile dying on his lips. The suddenness of the attack left room for no feeling but amazement; but when Blake raised his arm, and with the memories that he had of the foolish old traditions of a generation gone, struck Will a smart blow in the face with his gloves, the young fellow's patience gave out. It was as though the touch on his cheek had moved his arm, for his right hand planted a staggering open hand blow full on Tom's flushed cheek.

Madge was only a few paces away, unseen amid the shrubbery, and she did not want the lads to forget themselves, have their battle out in

the natural way, and then come to explanations. That would not suit her at all. So she slowly sauntered out from behind the bushes and let Will Stuart see her.

"Hush," he said, as Tom came toward him. "We cannot fight here. I will see you in two hours, and you may have a chance to tell

Tom turned and walked away, and Will Stuart, no old head on young shoulders himself, his heart bounding with rage, went on to unconscious little Dulce, and let her think that the flush upon his face and his rapid pulse were all for her. They *were* for her after the first minute.



THE DUEL.

me what you mean by making a fool of yourself."

"I'll tell you that I mean you shall no longer make a fool of me," Tom said furiously. "I'll fight you as my grandfather fought yours."

"And get winged as your grandfather did."

Now this was one of the things that had never been mentioned. The boys' grandfathers had fought a duel sixty years before, and after the gallant beau who was the Tom Blake of that day had been wounded, Will Stuart's grandfather had thrown down his sword, and nursed him back to health and friendship. They had died and left this friendship as a heritage to the two families.

The next day those hot headed boys, having found two other lads only less foolish than themselves, arranged to meet in a neighboring grove to settle the score which blood and blood alone could wipe out. Sure enough, blood it was that brought the matter to an end, but blood, one drop of which is worth all the liquid flame that burns in the veins of the two young fire eaters.

Dr. Clay was selected as surgeon—the good doctor who had been Dulce's sworn ally since the days of mumps and measles, and was now her friend and adviser in all her little works of love and pity among the neighborhood's poor. When I learned

this, and heard the kindly man, with a twinkle in his eye, tell Felice to ask her mistress to meet him in the glen at seven, as he needed his "little right hand's" help in a work of charity, I breathed a sigh of relief. I knew, come what might, the lives of those two reckless lads would not be the sacrifice of their folly.

vine hung window, and I peered through my covering to doat upon her sweet face. Just behind her came Madge. She had on a dark gown and wore a hat.

Dulce turned her head. "Are you going to walk, Madge?"

"No;" and there was excitement and triumph in the silly, romantic girl's voice. "I am going to ride. I



"DULCE ELECTRIFIED THEM BY FLASHING OUT OF THE WOODS."

There was one person, however, whom the doctor had failed to take into account in his shrewd calculations, and that was Madge Underhill. She went about on the eventful day in a state of ill repressed exultation. She never seemed to doubt that Stuart must either disgrace himself by killing Tom, or die at his rival's hand; and her malicious elation at this prospect so exasperated me that I took occasion to pinch her fingers whenever she lifted my latch.

At length the evening shades were falling, and the hands of the little clock on Dulce's mantel pointed to a quarter before seven. From my vantage ground I can see Dulce's

am going home. I only came in to tell you before I went that you need not watch for Will Stuart tonight."

A delicate little flush came over Dulce's face. She, my fair, sweet maid, was not one to court or allow such a jest. But Madge's face bore malice instead of jesting, and Dulce's woman's dignity drew up, protesting.

"He's engaged just now in other plans beside coming to you," the mad girl said, as though she were unable to go without cooling her flaming rage by the sight of Dulce's tears. "Your fast and loose coquetry has brought what you might have expected. Tom Blake and Will Stuart are trying to kill each other in the glen, and it is all your fault!"

And"—adding what meant much to her—"the whole county will know it."

The wind moaned, and I shook with sympathy, at the long, gasping



"WHAT WILL SAID TO DULCE AND WHAT DULCE SAID TO WILL."

sobs that seemed to tear their way up from Dulce's frightened heart. But one moment only was given to the indulgence of her grief. Dr. Clay's message seemed to rush back to her mind in its full significance, for in less time than I take to tell it, she had summoned Felice and with a rush went past me into the forest.

I am generally well pleased with my own state of life, and feel that I fill an honorable position to the satisfaction of others and with credit to myself; but when I caught that one glimpse of Dulce's tear stained

face, if I could have borrowed the wind's wings and accompanied her, I would have been content to sacrifice a hinge and go crippled through life.

My faithful ally was too much absorbed at the time to waft me so much as an echo, which kept me in an agony of suspense; but he did his best to atone later, by giving me a detailed account of what occurred—how Dulce electrified them all by flashing out of the dense woods before any one but Dr. Clay had heard the sound of her approach; how she threw herself on the breast of the man she loved; and how, after standing for one instant like a pitying angel, she fell, a soft, lifeless heap, at his feet.

It is needlessly painful to recount the men's consternation and confusion, and Tom Blake's mad remorse when he found that his sword had inflicted a slight wound on Dulce's round, white arm. He stood wild and hollow eyed at my side, unable to shake off the horror of that one moment in which he had thought Dulce dead and himself her murderer. But at last Dr. Clay's assurances that the injury was but trifling had their effect, and when Dulce sent word, with her love to Tom, that she felt quite well, the poor lad broke down and sobbed like a child, till the good doctor drove him away in his own gig, remembering, I suppose, the time when he too was a romantic lad in old Virginia.

The next afternoon, as my shadow crept softly along toward the clump of roses which it loves but can only greet at eventide, Dulce walked slowly to my side, with her sweet face a trifle pale, but otherwise her bonny self again. Her father was walking with her.

"I will wait for Tom alone, please, papa," she said in her gentle, thoughtful way. "It will be easier for him;" and when Colonel Elliot left her, and Tom drew near with great dark rings under his eyes, and a haggard look on his boyish face,



she just put out both her hands to him and cried, "Dear Tom, don't be so sorry!"

He took the little pitying hands and strove to speak, but the sight of the tiny bandage unmanned him.

"Oh, Dulce," he replied, in a choked voice, "can you ever forgive me? I was mad to think that I, who would have died for you, might have killed you."

"Oh, Tom"—with tender feminine logic—"don't you see that what has happened is just the most fortunate thing in the whole world, for it has brought us together again? The scratch is nothing, but to go through life without your friendship would be hard indeed. Now you and Will must be friends."

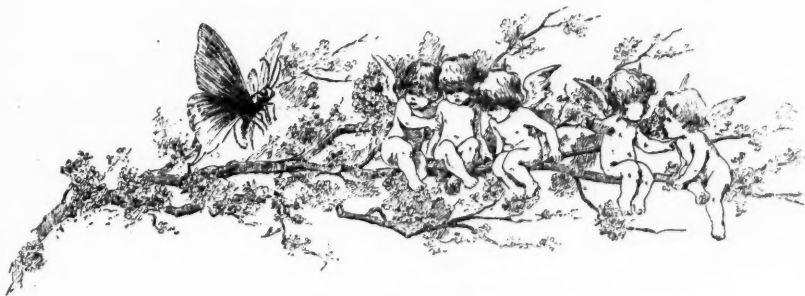
Just then Tom turned with a great flush at the sight of his rival. It shows that there is noble stuff in the lad, that he held out his hand with a frank, though stammered, apology, and then turned away with a mur-

mured excuse and walked down the garden path alone.

"At last, my darling!" said Stuart. "The day has been an eternity. Are you indeed quite yourself again?"

Then, after her laughing assent, he gathered her into his strong arms and said—but what Will said to Dulce and what Dulce said to Will I shall never be induced to reveal. It was that conversation which resulted in the hurrying and bustling, and the coming of guests and the parson, and the wonderful white gown, and the sad farewell to the old father as her young husband bore her away.

Colonel Elliot often comes down to my side with a wistful look in his kind old eyes, and leans his head against my post. The wind softly ruffles his silvery locks and rustles the dry leaves. I creak drearily, and we all sigh together—"Dulce is gone!"



## TO THE VIOLET.

THOU lovely, nestling flower,  
With reverential head this morn  
I bend above thy bower.  
Thy sweet and dewy eye,  
O'erflowing with a tear, night born,  
Has mirrored there the sky.

Sweet purity's thy light—  
Nor has it shone so long in vain  
Across my inward sight;  
I know, fair violet blue,  
That thou wouldst have me faith regain,  
And teach my soul—"Be true."

Mable E. Holmes.

## THE POET OF THE SIERRAS.

*By Henry V. Clarke.*

ON the rocky eminence that looks over the houses of Oakland and across a wide bay to San Francisco and the masts of the Golden Gate, stands the present domicile of Joaquin Miller. The latest chapter in the life of the Poet of the Sierras

genius's domain there is posted, or recently was posted, a characteristic notice:

To Gentlemen: These grounds are for my own private use, where I desire absolute quiet and seclusion. (*Verbum sap.*)

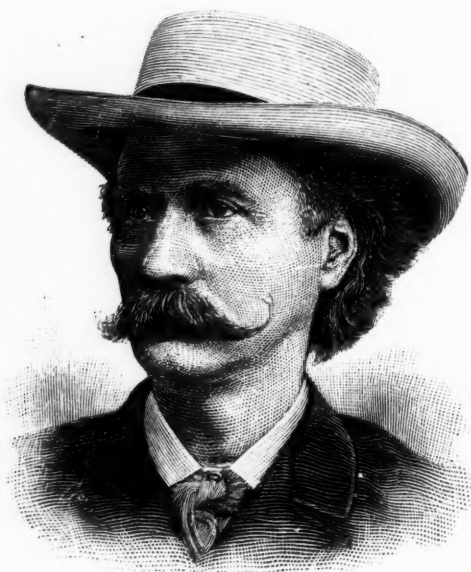
To Hoodlums, Thieves, and House-breakers: I am stocking these grounds with imported birds. I want to preserve the native ones. Now, as you have no business here except to destroy, you will be treated as thieves and burglars if found on these grounds. Any one shooting at this notice or shooting in this direction will be effectually fired at in return.

It is said that the gun which hangs where Mr. Miller can reach it, to enforce the order in case of need, has never been taken down. His love of seclusion is generally known and respected. Even his own household—which consists of his mother and two Japanese boys—meet him only at meals. He lives alone in his work room, and writes voluminously in pencil, on a pad, with the door of his curious sanctum wide open to admit the glorious California sunshine.

Miller's literary fame began in London twenty two years ago. He had led a strange life of ambitions, struggles,

wanderings, and poverty. Born in the Wabash country of Indiana in 1841, at thirteen he went with his parents to Oregon, and at sixteen he left home to try his fortune in the newly discovered El Dorado of the Pacific, to which civilization was sending not a few of its bravest spirits and not a little of its scum.

Young Miller shared in the ups and downs of those adventurous days. He was successively a law



JOAQUIN MILLER.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

is only a little less bizarre than those that have preceded it. On his few acres of rough land he has built three small structures of an architectural style that is all their own. One is his bedroom and workshop—the two terms are nearly synonymous, for most of his literary work is done in bed; one is his kitchen and diningroom; and the third is the dwelling of his aged mother. On a tree at the entrance to the eccentric

student, an express messenger, and editor of a paper that was suppressed for disloyalty during the civil war. Still stranger stories are told of him—so strange that it is difficult to draw the line between truth and fiction. It is said that he periodically abandoned civilization altogether, and went to live in the wickiups of the aborigines; that once he wedded an Indian maiden with all the rites and ceremonies of her people; that several times he led the warriors of her tribe in their warfare against the white settlers.

Later, he spent several years at Canyon City, in Oregon. He opened a law office there, and for a time served as county judge. He was married there, too, to Miss Dyer, who is herself known as an author of verse under the pseudonym "Minnie Myrtle." It is scarcely surprising that the union was not a happy one, and that it ended in a divorce.

Miller thereupon left Oregon, and crossed a continent and an ocean to London. There he made his first serious attempt to win literary fame. He won it, in a somewhat theatrical fashion, after some dark days of discouragement. For a time he vainly carried the manuscript of "Songs of the Sierras" from publisher to publisher, finding none that cared to issue it. He was reduced to sore straits when one afternoon Lord Houghton—better known as Richard Monckton Milnes—knocked at the door of his dingy lodging, and entered with generous promises of assistance. Miller's verses were printed, and were warmly praised by the critics and the public. London society, ever athirst for the bizarre and the extraordinary, conceived a veritable craze for the picturesque Westerner who carried into its drawingrooms the flowing locks and unconventional attire of the frontier.

From that time Miller has been kept more or less prominently before the world by his curious admixture of genius and eccentricity. He has wandered up and down between the East and the far West, though he

regards the latter as his home, and, incidentally, as the garden spot of earth, physically and intellectually. "A grander Greece" he calls California, and modestly declares of it that "this is the art atmosphere of the New World and we are its prophets."

He visited London in 1878, and was again welcomed there. Then he went to Washington, where he bought a plot of wooded land on the northern outskirts of the city. Upon it he built a dwelling of true Rocky Mountain architecture—a cabin of axe hewn logs, with a door hung upon buckskin thongs, and walls covered with the hides of bears and mountain lions. "Walking from the beautiful architecture of the capitol," one of Miller's visitors once said, "into the grove around the poet's cabin, which shuts out all the evidences of surrounding civilization, one can imagine that he has been transported in a moment, on one of those magic rugs of the Arabian Nights, into the wilderness of the Rockies."

As in London, he electrified society in Washington by the eccentric costume he affected—flowing hair beneath a wide brimmed Mexican sombrero, a red bandanna protruding from his vest, and the extremities of his nether integuments tucked inside a pair of cowboy's boots. Literary genius is appreciated at the national capital, and Miller received a good deal of attention, but his taste in dress is said to have caused some annoying mistakes on the part of footmen who failed to distinguish him from the genus tramp.

Miller was christened Cincinnatus Hiner—which latter name has frequently been given, in more poetic form, as Heine. But these baptismal appellations he long ago discarded for the picturesque Spanish "Joaquin" with which all his literary work has been signed. According to one story, this was borrowed from a Mexican bandit, Joaquin Murieta, a man widely known and dreaded among the California miners, but one whose wild career touched a

sympathetic cord in Miller's breast. Another version of the affair traces the origin of the name to the title page of his first volume of poems—"Joaquin et al."

Four or five years ago Miller left Washington to settle at his present home in California, where he has an-

nounced his intention of abiding for the remainder of his life. The Golden State regards his bizarre figure as the foremost of her literary world, and ranks him with Bret Harte as an exponent of the young life of the Pacific slope. And the estimate is no more than just.

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### A GARDEN GOD.

ONLY just the other day,  
In the garden walking,  
Came a maiden in my way,  
And we fell a talking.  
Grave and gay in turn were we,  
I was aye the jester;  
Every word that fell from me  
Seemed to interest her.

Quite a little while we'd walked  
Down the paths of gravel—  
I her thoughts, the while we talked,  
Striving to unravel—  
When, a sudden, bending down,  
From its stem she parted  
One red rose, and straight a frown  
O'er her features started.

"Oh! the horrid thorn!" said she,  
Holding out a finger  
Torn and bleeding. Naught for me  
Was there but to linger,  
And to bind it with a band  
Of my kerchief linen—  
Never half so fair a hand  
Mine so long had been in.

What it was I do not know  
Did so interest me;  
I her hand could not let go,—  
Something strange possessed me,  
Till I stammered, half in jest,—  
Waiting for her laughter—  
"I've your *hand*; to make me blest  
Throw your heart in after."

Like a snowy cloud that's flushed  
By the sun descending,  
Brightly, beauteously she blushed,  
Rose and lily blending.  
And I caught her answer low:  
"Strange I was so stupid  
Not the cruel thorn to know  
For a dart of Cupid."

Charles H. Lüders.

## THE AIR SHAFT.

*By John J. a'Becket.*

DOROTHY WATERS fairly smiled with delight, when she found herself actually installed in this handsome apartment of Mrs. Montgomery Bayard's. A stroke of good luck, and especially in the line of one's most ardent desire, is such comforting approval of one on the part of Providence. And here, just as she was forced by circumstances to provide herself with some abiding place, this rich woman came along, glad to have a reliable person occupy her rooms for the months of her summer sojourn in Europe.

Dr. Barker had done a good thing for Miss Waters in opportunely supplying her with just what she wanted, and had done a good thing in the same way for Mrs. Bayard. He had also done a good thing for himself, in arousing a grateful feeling in the breasts of two women friends of his by coming to their assistance in the hour of need.

Mrs. Bayard had sailed the day before on the Majestic, and Dorothy had taken possession today, with the boxes containing the sum total of her earthly belongings. And now, having bestowed these effects in the chiffonier and wardrobe, she had seated herself in a rocking chair, with her neat feet on a hassock, and, looking about her, indulged in a bright smile of content with the world and herself.

The apartment consisted of three rooms. One of them, the sitting room, was very large; another, somewhat smaller, was Mrs. Bayard's dainty bed room, and a third did duty as an ante room.

They were furnished luxuriously, and with very good taste. Large, handsome rugs relieved the lustrous baldness of the polished floors. The

chairs were all roomy and comfortable except two or three very old oak ones, which were so old (one was three centuries to the year) and so black and artistic that it seemed coarse and profane to sit in them, aside from their distinct lack of comfort as supports for the human frame.

The bed room was cool and neat with its pale blue and gold decorations, and pretty mull with blue ribbons at the wash hand stand and toilet table.

Miss Dorothy Waters promised herself a very comfortable as well as elegant abiding place for the next five months. The only thing she objected to was the air shaft. It was sunk through the building to furnish a larger supply of atmosphere. But as the lavatories all had windows opening upon it, and the building was ten stories high, Dorothy, who was a nurse, concluded that she would keep the windows of the bed room, which also opened on the shaft, closed, and let the other tenants have her share of the possibly microbized air.

Dorothy Waters was twenty eight, and depended on her own exertions for a livelihood. Most young women with such a good start toward spinsterhood, and condemned to some form of toil as a necessary condition for their existence, would have been made more than serious thereby. But Dorothy's calm, cheery nature was very practical. She had never been of that mind in woman which regards matrimony as the prime achievement of the sex. She had rather a keen appreciation of the selfish and mediocre character of most men.

What had weighed on her was



living with her sister. When Mrs. Waters died two years ago, her married sister had offered her a home she was well able to provide. Dorothy found that this offer was not carried out. What was given to her proved to be lodging and food. That was all. Her sister's nature was radically antagonistic to hers. She endured it until she was graduated as a professional nurse, and then, declining to act the part of pin cushion for the daily moral prickles of her relative any longer, embarked on the hard waters of self earned livelihood in New York City. Mrs. Bayard's offer coming just at this time proved most opportune, and was gladly accepted.

Dorothy put in a certain time every day at her ward in Bellevue Hospital, and she had one outside patient, a widow. Mrs. Timothy Jones was troubled with nerves and an imagination which would have discovered cause for complaint in Paradise itself. She would have found the climate monotonously even, and the trees and vegetation would have been too luxuriant.

Dorothy found that her chief duty was to serve as an outlet for Mrs. Timothy Jones's imaginary ills. Miss Waters was practical enough to see that the invention of troubles in surroundings and conditions of life which were abnormally soothing was already a form of disease.

Her treatment for Mrs. Jones was ingenious. She invented a "Mrs. Harris" on the spot, who was subjected to all the misfortunes which Mrs. Timothy Jones was exempted from. Dorothy hoped that the companion which she artfully instituted between Mrs. Jones and this unfortunate woman would lead the former to a saner appreciation of a happy lot.

One grievance which Mrs. Jones was fondest of harrowing herself with really seemed to have some right to serve as a sorrow. Her father had disappeared. He was a gentleman actually fifty years of age, but not more than twenty one so far as his capacity for "having a

good time" was concerned. He had gone to live with Mrs. Jones after the death of his wife. He had traveled for eight or nine months first, and then resided with his daughter at her request.

"He used to try me a great deal, but I concealed everything from him," said Mrs. Jones lugubriously, and with unintended mendacity. "He would frequently come in at half past twelve, or one, at nights. You would suppose he was a young fellow going in for the pleasures of the town, to judge from his condition! And only think," she added, in a tone almost of awe, "he couldn't bear to have me sit up for him nights. I always thought something must have happened to him, when he was out so late. 'Sarah,' he said to me, 'I've reached the age of reason, and I know how to stay out of an evening in New York without being kidnaped, or buncoed, or sandbagged. I don't like coming home and finding you sitting up, blinking like an old owl, to see that I have got back all right.' That's the very expression he used, and it seemed so unnatural. Being a widow, I had some right to know how papa should behave. But no one would ever have thought he was a widower.

"Then I told Sanders to stay up till he came home. He gave poor Sanders such a talking to the first time he came home late and found him, that the man told me he would look for another place sooner than be exposed to it again. 'If I want a wet nurse, I'll hire one myself,' he told Sanders. Wasn't that a sad thing to have one's father say, and he fifty years old and a widower?" said Mrs. Jones, in a stricken tone, to Dorothy.

Miss Waters sized up the situation very accurately, and her sympathies were quite with the jolly old boy. Her training had made her very sympathetic in the case. She felt that if Mrs. Jones's mother had been at all like her daughter, widowhood was not an absolutely aching blank for Mrs. Jones's father.

But it came to the ears of Dorothy's patient one day, as the overbrimming drop in the bucket, that her half century old papa was actually flirting with a young blonde woman. He had been seen at the races with her, had put money on a horse for her, had gone to Koster & Bial's and drunk champagne with her! All this had been reported to Mrs. Timothy Jones. "He actually told me that he thanked Heaven"—Mrs. Jones paused and used her handkerchief as if to muffle the horrid sacrilege of such a thanksgiving—"he wasn't half as old as I was, and that he would die younger than I had ever been! I really broke down under those cruel words. Papa could never stand anything like that. He always called it 'making a scene.' The next day Sanders brought me a note which he had found on father's dressing table. Papa had deserted me! He said it was senseless to make life a torture to himself, and that besides he was only worrying me too. That he had gone away, and that I would get news once a month about his health, so that I needn't worry. That I would make trouble for myself anyhow. But that he meant to do as he pleased, and would flirt with a barmaid, if he wanted to!

"He has been gone six weeks, and the weather is so hot that I can't help worrying about him. I don't know what that horrid blonde woman will do with him now. They are such designing things, and can make such fools of old men. And papa is rich enough to make him an object for their machinations. What *can* I do, Miss Waters?"

Miss Waters took a cheerful view of the case, and in substance, if not in words, advised Mrs. Jones, who had no more sense of humor than a turtle, to give the old fellow his head, since he was bound in any case to have his own way. Miss Waters secretly admired the old chap's independence. She rather liked such two year old ways in an old cob. It argued a deal of vitality and sprightliness, and after all "a man is only

as old as he feels." Mrs. Jones's papa evidently didn't feel fifty.

There was only one thing (besides Mrs. Jones) which troubled Dorothy at all during the summer. Some one lived on the floor above Mrs. Bayard's apartment, who used to potter around a good deal. On a hot summer night it was not pleasant to be aroused from her first slumber by the heavy footfall of this man walking about on the floor above. It was a man, Dorothy inferred. The tread was too heavy for a woman, too decided.

Then this man would tinker at things at twelve o'clock or after. He would hammer at something. And one night, when it was fully half past twelve, she heard him winding up a clock. Then she heard a hilarious "Cuck-oo!" He was setting the clock, and the beastly thing cuckooed through the whole gamut of the hours.

The weather was so meltingly hot this summer that Dorothy had to open the window looking out on the air shaft in order to create a current of air through her bed room. Microbes and cuckoos were not as bad as suffocation. As a consequence, she could hear even the respiration of the man above. When he cleared his throat, she would give a start, it seemed so much as if he were in the very room with her. It was unfortunate that his lively nature should break out at such late hours. But he was merry and contented. Dorothy could gather that from his actions. She often heard him humming some of the popular songs of the day. Once he gave a stave or two from "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," which he seemed to enjoy a great deal, for she heard him chuckle after it, and say in a rich, cheery voice: "Darned jolly old song." And the cuckoo in the clock, as if echoing approval, chirped "one."

If there was one thing that Dorothy Waters believed in, however, it was in letting people live their lives. She would never lop the tendrils which a human existence put exuberantly forth, simply because they spread a

little over her wall, as it were. Mrs. Jones had intensified this feeling in Dorothy by exhibiting the opposite tendency in so very marked a degree.

So she said to herself: "That is some hearty young fellow, full of life, who is too poor to go away for the summer, probably too poor to marry. That is his way of enjoying a home, to move about and tinker at things and have a good sociable time with himself. Probably he bought that cuckoo clock for music and company, poor fellow! He hasn't an idea that he is disturbing me. Nearly all the people that live here are away, and he feels quite independent up there all alone by himself. Go ahead, young fellow, and enjoy yourself."

One day humidity and heat crowded the mercury in the thermometer almost up to three figures. It was a prostrating day. It was hard to sleep. It was past one when Dorothy managed to get any slumber, and then it was a light, unsatisfactory one. The window of the air shaft was wide open, and so, evidently, was that of her up stairs neighbor. She heard him moving about, and the clinking of ice in a glass, and then a long, impatient respiration as he stretched himself out on his bed. It was so fearfully hot.

She was awakened after some time by hearing him get up. His foot step sounded through the floor, and then there was a heavy fall!

Dorothy was out of bed in an instant, her professional instinct making her keenly alive to the situation. The young fellow had fainted, perhaps had had a stroke due to the excessive heat. Her mind, clear and quick at all times, worked with wonderful celerity under the stimulus of such an emergency.

The poor young fellow was there, alone, in a dead faint. She had heard no movement since the fall. Shortly after it, the cuckoo had shrieked three. What could be done? The watchman down stairs was out of reach of the bell, probably, as there never was occasion for his being called at such hours. She

would try. She rang the electric bell which went to the office, and waited. No response. Again, with the same result. It was hopeless to try and knock any one up in the different apartments, when there were fully seventy in the building and nearly all of them vacant. The man might die before she could discover any one.

She could not let a human creature die, when she was the only one who could extend a helping hand. That was clear. So she hastily put on her blue serge gown and waist, and slipped up stairs. If the door of his room were locked, she would have to get some one to break it in. She tried it, and it opened. So like a careless young fellow to leave his door unlocked at night!

She entered. The electric light outside lit up the room enough for her to see him lying on the floor, flat on his face, with his arms stretched out in a cramped way. Dorothy took her match safe from her pocket, hastily lit the gas, and then turned.

A man of medium height, rather stout, with a bald head whose scalp was very red, and whose hair was a mixture of black and white. He was dressed in his pyjamas. The "young man" was middle aged!

Dorothy took a big cushion from a divan in the corner, and, turning him over with her strong young arms, doubled the pillow up and slipped it under his head. He was breathing heavily, and his round, good natured face was very flushed.

There was an Indian cooler on the table, and wetting her handkerchief with the water, Dorothy laid it on his temples. Then she applied her ammonia bottle to his nostrils, having loosened the jacket of his pyjamas at the throat. She had time to observe that he was quite a fine looking man.

Her ministrations, to her great relief, brought him round after some moments. He moved slightly, then opened his eyes. They were very brilliant hazel eyes, though there was a dazed expression in them.

Then, as he recovered consciousness more and more, he awoke to the fact that a clear complexioned, dark eyed young woman, with rather towzled hair, was leaning over him with an inquiring look upon her face.

He made an effort to rise. "Where am I? What has happened?" he said, in a strong but musical voice.

"You fainted. Probably it was the heat," said Dorothy. "I will get you a glass of water and then help you up."

She half filled one from the cooler and gave it to him. He got up on his arm and drank it greedily.

Then he scrambled to his feet, went to a chair, and sat down. He looked at Dorothy curiously but alertly.

"I fell down when I was going to that table to get a drink. This heat is enough to kill an ox," he said to her. "I never fainted before in my life." He seemed rather ashamed of the performance. "How did you come here?" he asked ingenuously of Miss Waters, smiling good naturedly. It was an exceedingly pleasant smile, and showed perfect white teeth under his carefully trimmed mustache.

"I occupy the apartment beneath this," Dorothy explained. "I was awake and heard you fall. I am a professional nurse," she added quickly. "Of course, I knew you had fainted, and there was no time to lose, nobody to call. I tried, and couldn't get any one. So I came up and luckily your door was unlocked. How do you feel now?" This with a pronouncedly professional air.

"Oh, all right. Just a bit rattled," he said, putting his hand to his head. "But I must beg your pardon for disturbing you. I didn't know anybody was under there. If I had, I wouldn't have—" he stopped and laughed. "I suppose I *would* have dropped anyhow," he added, "but I'm awfully sorry I was such a nuisance—and just as grateful as possible to you for coming to my assistance."

Dorothy rose. Her professional services had not been engaged, and sitting in a gentleman's room at three in the morning, especially when the gentleman was airily clad in pyjamas, seemed to verge on impropriety now that humanity no longer redeemed it.

"I hope you will not be troubled again," she said. "I could give you a sleeping draught, but I think you will get on all right now. I shall hear if anything does happen."

She moved toward the door. The old boy opened it for her and bowed her out with quite a courtly air. Dorothy was in a broad smile the moment the door closed behind her, at the picture of the active figure in pyjamas stepping along in his bare feet to usher her out with such dignity.

The next afternoon he called on her. She could not but remark what a trim, well groomed old fellow he was. There was a rosy color in his cheeks, and his eyes were as bright as possible. Every detail of his dress, which was smart, but not too youthful, showed a nice attention on his part to his appearance. He seemed like a well seasoned young man, rather than a well preserved middle aged one.

"I didn't half express my thanks to you last night, Miss Waters," he said. "It was awfully good in you to take that trouble. I have never been under the weather before in my whole life. It must have been the heat."

He talked a while with Dorothy, and before he went away asked her if she would not take a drive with him that afternoon. The young woman consented, and Mr. Sinclair (he had made himself known to her on the morning call) arrived at four with a spanking pair of bays hitched to a mail phaeton. He was a good whip and full of bright, cheery talk, so that Dorothy came back much refreshed. She had enjoyed her outing thoroughly.

One thing after this struck her as very nice in young Mr. Sinclair. She could never think of him except as a



young man. His fifty years were the lightest of accidents. She noticed that his walk across the floor above was much lighter now, and she could hardly hear his door close when he entered or left his room. After a day or two, even the cuckoo passed into silence. Dorothy almost regretted the impulsive boisterousness of its recurrent remark. Mr. Sinclair was evidently trying not to be "a nuisance." Such thoughtfulness was the more remarkable because of his youthful impulsiveness.

Then he got to sending her flowers. "They smarten up a room," he said. "Give a go to it. You like them, don't you?"

Dorothy admitted that she did. In fact, Mr. Sinclair's attentions gave her a great deal of pleasure. She felt that Mr. Sinclair enjoyed having a bright, healthy woman companion, and she saw no reason why she should not receive attentions which gave pleasure to them both and committed neither. She really felt as if she were exercising a sort of motherly influence over this frolicsome youngster.

This pleasant course of amenities went on for some weeks. Then one day he called just as she was finishing a letter from Mrs. Bayard.

"Good news?" he asked, as he saw it in her hand.

"N-o. It is really bad news, in a way," Dorothy said with a faint smile. "The lady whose apartment this is says she will return in a month. So I must look around for some place to go."

"I'll see if I can't find you one," he said promptly. After they had conversed for some moments he was silent for a spell. Then his bright eyes turned toward Dorothy, and he said with amusing seriousness, "I suppose you think I am an awfully old chap."

Dorothy broke into a laugh. "I think you are the youngest person I ever saw. You will *never* get old."

He brightened so palpably under this that Dorothy was still more amused.

"I don't *feel* old, and why should I try to act as if I did? I hate hypocrisy. But I've been married once, and I have a child."

He said this with the air of confessing to a misdemeanor. Then, after another slight pause, he spoke once more, as if his thoughts were traveling in a certain circuit. "Do you think it is foolish for a man as old as I am to marry again?"

He was certainly the most ingenuous boy Dorothy had ever met. He was charming in his naïveté.

"*Certainly* not," she exclaimed robustly. "I think you *ought* to have a wife."

"Well, will you marry me?" he said eagerly, sitting forward on the edge of his chair.

This was more than naïf! Miss Waters for the moment had something of the feeling that an old lady may entertain when her grandson shoulders a cane and says to her, "Now I'm General Wash'n'ton. Will you be th' American Army?" But this boy was in earnest. So she was quite flustered for one small moment. Before she could say anything he went on, as if fearful she might decide the question on the spot, without due knowledge of its background:

"I'm all alone and I don't like it. My daughter and I don't hit it off well, and she has everything she can want. I would like a home, and a nice little wife. I know I'm a lot older than you," he said ruefully, "but you are not like most girls, and I would try to make you happy. If money and thoughtfulness and a lot of love can do it, I can give you those."

He paused. He had put his case. Dorothy felt he had put it very well. He was not a thoughtless boy.

"Mr. Sinclair," she said slowly, "I had not imagined things would turn this way. But I am twenty eight, and *old* for my age." She laughed a little as she said this. "I tell you frankly that I *like* you, *very* much. I shouldn't be truthful, if I said I *loved* you."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he said



quickly. "You know what I mean," he added, while his face grew perplexed over the necessary words to explain what was so clear in his mind. "I mean you are good and sweet, and I should like to make life pleasant for you. And—why, if you marry me, I know you won't do it without having the feeling that you ought to have, and which will satisfy me."

He spoke wistfully. Dorothy was silent a moment. Then she said:

"Give me an hour to think about it. There is no need of an immediate answer."

"Certainly. Take a whole day, if you want to. But you don't know how much you will please me, if you say 'yes.'"

He got up to go. As he was about to open the door, Dorothy, who had been really strangely moved by his straightforward, wholesome simplicity, and the warm feeling that evidently possessed the old fellow, suddenly said:

"But your family? How old is this little girl?"

His teeth flashed into view, he broke into such a hearty laugh. The merriment of it was contagious.

"The 'little girl,'" he said, with the laughter still in his voice and his eye twinkling, "is a widow, thirty years old. She is no chicken. And she will have a fit when she hears I am married. But I shan't ask Mrs. Timothy Jones anything about it." It seemed to afford him great delight to marry in the teeth of his daughter's opposition.

"Is Mrs. Timothy Jones your daughter?" cried Dorothy, with an inefable accent.

"She *is*," returned Mr. Sinclair with equal unction. "Do you know her?" This with sudden, acute surprise.

Dorothy stood for a moment as if dazed. Then she said decidedly:

"Mr. Sinclair, I hope I won't seem unwomanly, or too hasty, or as if I didn't appreciate the situation, for I do. But, do you know," and she smiled confidently, "I don't think I need that hour to decide in. I *do* know Mrs. Timothy Jones. And I know you as well as I could wish."

"Then you refuse," he said hastily, with keen disappointment in face, figure, and voice.

"No," said Dorothy with another bright smile. "I accept."

## WAKING.

THE sun soft through the half closed shutter there  
Slips waking fingers toward my sleeping child—  
So glad to kiss her forehead's crescent fair,  
So glad to touch the ripples of her hair—  
Goes gently quivering in and out in mild  
Delight, and flashing through the woven gold  
Drives shadows from the drowsy lids that lie  
Soft purpling o'er the iris sheathed. Grown bold  
It whispers in her ear secrets untold,  
Linking night's dream with morning melody.  
She stirs, breaks from the tyrant sleep that holds;  
Her waking eyes half open, arms thrown back  
Like lily bud whose sweetness doth unpack  
When warmth of day unbinds its petaled folds.

Bettie Garland.

## DERRINGFORTH.\*

*By Frank A. Munsey,*

Author of "A Tragedy of Errors," "On The Field of Honor," etc.

### XXIV.

THE energy behind the door bell was a devil may care telegraph messenger. He liked to startle people in the dead of night, picturing to his imagination, with a profane grin, the look on their frightened faces. He fancied that he could pull a bell so that it would ring a more horrible ring than could be produced by any other messenger on the force—a weird, dreadful ring that would carry terror with it.

It was a peal of this sort that sent consternation to the heart of Burton Edwards. There was something strange and ominous in the sound as it broke upon his ears. He knew as surely in the first instant as a minute later, when a telegram was put into his hand, that something had happened at home.

He tore open the envelope with trembling fingers. His face was white.

"Mother is very ill. Come first train. Father." Edwards spoke the words aloud as his eye ran over the telegram. He handed it to Marion and turned away silently.

"I am so sorry," said Marion softly.

"It must be serious," answered Edwards. "Father would not have sent such a message otherwise."

"I hope it is not so bad as you fancy. Your father might have been suddenly frightened, and telegraphed you on the impulse of the moment."

"No, no, he would not have done that. I am sure that he has kept back the worst."

"I am very sorry for you, Burton.

I wish I could say something that would comfort you."

Edwards raised his eyes to hers. They were full of tenderness and sympathy. He took a step towards her and stretched out his hands as one imploring rescue. She gave him both of hers, with childlike trust. Her wish was to comfort him. It was a generous, kindly motive. She had no thought for herself. But the pressure upon her hands awakened the sense of danger. The impulse to tear herself from him was paralyzed. She could not escape. He drew her closer to him and bent his head towards hers.

"What has happened, Marion?" called her father at this instant from above stairs. He had hurriedly dressed and come from his room to learn the meaning of the frantic ringing of the bell.

"It's a telegram," answered Marion in trembling voice. "A telegram," she repeated, as she ran towards him like one escaping from a frightful danger.

Burton Edwards was not alone with her again. He and his sister took the early morning train for California. When they were gone Marion went to her own room. How big and empty and gloomy the house seemed! Her head ached from a sleepless night; her heart ached from emotions that had stirred it to its depths. She stood by her window and looked out into the cold, gray morning.

The dim light was sifting in through the darkness. The fog hung damp and chilly over the house

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tops, settling down into the streets and sending a chill through the early pedestrians. Marion had never been up at this hour before; had never felt such a sense of depression before. She turned away with a shudder, and threw herself wearily upon her couch.

The furnace sent an abundance of hot air into her room, but it did not warm her. She drew a rug over her shoulders, and tried to forget herself in sleep, but the funereal atmosphere was too depressing for slumber. She opened her eyes and glanced aimlessly towards her writing desk. There was Phil looking down upon her from his silver frame. She turned her face away and buried it beneath the rug.

She had seen the picture a thousand times before, but she had never seen it as she saw it now. There was an expression in the face that sent a shudder of selfcondemnation to her heart. It was not a look of accusation, but rather one of surprise and pain. Kindness and love were in the eyes; sorrow and gloom were about the mouth.

The tears stole down Marion's cheeks. She could not choke back the sobs. Her heart ached with an anguish that was deeper and keener than before. The sense of loneliness had yielded to a different feeling. She knew she was doing wrong in breathing the atmosphere of love as she had on the previous night. She did not do it in defiance of her conscience. She felt an impulse to fly from Burton Edwards. She would have given anything to be safely beyond his influence, and yet there was a fascination so strong, so subtle in the nature and quality of his love—it was so deliciously intoxicating, so sweet to her young life that she yielded for another minute and sipped of the nectar of the gods—just another minute, and just another minute until she had drifted almost into the very arms of passion.

The rug could not hide Phil's face from her eyes. She could see him looking down upon her and the expression of pain and sadness, of love

and kindness burned into her very soul. It was the most severe reproach to her sensitive nature. She saw herself as she had never seen herself before. She recalled Phil's words when she told him that the engagement must be postponed.

"We can't tell what changes a year will make in us," he had said.

"The year is up today," meditated Marion, "and we have changed—Phil has changed—I have changed more than he. I have wanted to do right by him; I have wanted to care only for him, but our lives have drifted a little apart and I have been so completely under influences that have led me away from him. This does not justify me, I know, but in a way it palliates the offense. It is not so easy to do always the same under different circumstances. If I had never gone into this gay life I should not have cared for it. I should have known nothing of admiration and flattery. It is a life by itself—a life of excitement and intoxication. I must either be one thing or another. I can't be half society girl and half—half something else. A compromise between the two would make me half wrong and half stupid. I can't adjust my conscience to both. Looking at myself in one way I feel guilty; in another I feel that I have done no wrong. If girls in society didn't accept attention and admiration—if there were no little flirtations there would be no society—there would be nothing in it."

This line of reasoning began to bring relief to Marion's conscience. The expression in Phil's eyes was softer. It no longer pierced her heart with so keen an edge.

"It would not be so very terrible to be a little Puritan with Puritanical surroundings," she continued, "but in this age and in the metropolis and in society life—no, no, it can't be done. The Puritan would be a dismal failure. I couldn't be a wall flower—I wouldn't. I'd rather belong to the Salvation Army. There would be enthusiasm there at least, and anything would be better than the heartache, and that is just what

a girl has, out of tune with her surroundings. After all, I can't think I have done so very wrong. This is my play day—my outing before I settle down. One always has more latitude on an outing—does things that would—that would—well, that would make very nice old ladies raise their eyebrows in a terribly suggestive way. So then, looking at it in this light, I think I ought to be allowed just a little *abandon*—ought to have all the good times I can—in a proper way, of course.

"But there is the question—what is proper? I'm sure of one thing, and that is that I am not required to be a Puritan in these days, in society, any way. I suppose that a real little Puritan, if she had been in my place last night with Burton Edwards and he had looked into her eyes as he looked into mine; if he had breathed the love upon her that he breathed upon me; if he had taken her hands in his as he took mine in his, I suppose—no, I'm not so sure—I more than half believe that she wouldn't have been a Puritan at all. I sometimes wonder if there isn't a good deal of humbug after all about this unnatural goodness that we read of and that is held up as the correct standard. It's an insipid sort of life, it seems to me. It may be well enough for exhibition, but if there is no more nature and impulse in it than we are led to believe—if the inner life is as colorless and placid as the outer, then it must have been too stupid for anything. But I can't believe it. Human nature is human nature. Without its impulses and fancies and passions it would be as flat as a prairie; as uninteresting as a Puritan Sunday."

By this time Marion had justified herself to an extent that effectually soothed her conscience. She no longer tried to hide her face from Phil's eyes. There was nothing in them now—nothing about the expression of the mouth to harrow her feelings.

"Things are much as we see them," she meditated. "Fancy has so much to do with everything."

Her face was turned towards Phil's. She saw nothing of the look of half an hour before. "He is the same dear boy he always was," she said to herself. "I suppose he would think it very wrong, though, if he really knew. He would have a right to be jealous—I should be horribly jealous myself if he were flirting with some other girl. This is as much as to say I was flirting with Burton, but—I don't know. I didn't think of it in that way. He was visiting us and I—well, I just lived in the atmosphere of his love. I couldn't be rude to him. I didn't try to make him care for me; I didn't want him to care for me, but somehow I closed my eyes and drifted—and such drifting!"

"But I wonder if Phil could see it in this way. It almost seems to me that I can argue myself into believing anything is right. Perhaps I am wrong—perhaps I have done very wrong, but the more I reason the more I justify myself. Perhaps this is the way with every one who does wrong. I wonder if it is. If so, I can see how many who want to do right and intend to do right, do wrong. Oh, dear me, it is all very puzzling. I suppose I ought to tell everything to Phil. If he doesn't reprove me then I've no need to think any more about it.

"But it would be pretty hard to tell Phil, and after all, would it do any good? It might make him unhappy, and if I really have done wrong, telling him would not undo it. It would simply make matters worse. Still, he has a right to know—I should want to know. Perhaps there are some things he has not told me. Well, so long as I don't know them I shall not worry—it's foolish to think of such a thing about Phil—he is simply old gold. I can't imagine him caring for any one except myself; he never did. I'm glad he hasn't gone into this gay life. If he had—no, no, I won't think of it."

But she did think of it nevertheless, and her heart beat heavily as she pictured to her imagination scenes not unlike that of the previous night

between Burton Edwards and herself, but in which Phil and some other girl were the participants.

Now that her guests had gone, Marion had no longer any excuse for delaying the hour of Phil's call. She thought of this, and it seemed to her that she ought to write him and say that she was alone and would reserve the evening for him.

"I wish the engagement had never been postponed," she said to herself, looking as one peering into the future. "It would have been better in every way.

"Mama thinks I shall do as she wants me to; Phil thinks, I fancy, that I shall do as he wants me to. I can't please both, that is one thing certain. Whatever the result is, I shall not act meanly—I shall write Phil to call tonight. I don't know how it will come out, but that makes no difference just now; right is right any way."

## XXV.

DERRINGFORTH had been at his office perhaps an hour when a messenger brought him a note from Marion. It said in effect that her guests had gone—that they had been suddenly called home, and that she should reserve the evening for him, pending an expression of his pleasure. She ventured the hope that he had no engagement, adding that it was a long time since she had seen him alone and that it would seem so good to have a whole evening with him once more.

"This is a devil of a fix," said Derrington, still holding the note in his hand. "I don't know what to do; I don't know where I stand—maybe I'm bankrupt for all I know. But I'm glad, any way, that Edwards has gone; that's one thing sure. I shall feel a heap more comfortable, even if this Wall Street business breaks me. I wonder how the market will open!"

Derrington took out his watch mechanically, looked at the time and saw nothing. His face wore an expression of perplexity. The Exchange had not yet opened. His

anxiety was painful, but withal he felt a sense of happiness that made his heart lighter than for many days.

The messenger still waited for an answer. His presence increased Derrington's nervousness. The watch came out again. It wanted fifteen minutes to ten.

"I don't know what to say," reasoned Derrington. "I want more than anything else to spend the evening with Marion, but ten days would give me a chance to put myself in better shape. I wonder why Edwards was called home so suddenly! I almost wish he had stayed. No, I don't, either," he added a minute later; "I don't want to think of him and Marion together."

After ten minutes of vacillation Derrington sent the messenger away without an answer, and in a very little time sought a consultation with Burrock.

Western Union had opened within a quarter of a point of the closing price, but that quarter was against Derrington.

"Don't feel alarmed," said Burrock. "It is holding up splendidly—bears are hammering it with a vengeance, but I think we shall see a turn in our favor."

"I hope so," replied Derrington. "I never needed money so much in my life as I do at this minute—see," and he handed Burrock Marion's note.

Burrock raised his eyebrows and emitted a shrill little whistle. Derrington looked at him interrogatively.

"What shall you do?" said Burrock, handing back the note.

"What should I do?"

"I don't mind advising you in the matter of speculation, old man, but—well, I'm too conservative, I fancy."

"I don't understand you."

"Simple enough. See—I go into the market and buy a thousand shares of stock—five thousand, perhaps—it is all chance—I know it, but on the size of the chance I can give a good estimate—I know what is liable to happen. But beyond this I am conservative—understand?"



"Nonsense, Burrock—you are cynical, and you are in a more cynical mood than usual."

"Perhaps so, but—well, I've told you the way I feel. What can I do for you?—anything but advise you where woman enters into the problem—the complications are too many, too great—chance runs riot—that's all—excuse me, old man, excuse me—think it out yourself and leave this stock deal with me. I'll stand by you."

Derringforth was inclined to be amused at first, but the unusual seriousness of Burrock impressed him with a strange feeling. He had never thought of woman in this sense. The conception sent a little shudder through him.

"You will change your mind, Burrock," he said, "some of these days, and then you will be sorry you ever deluded yourself with such ideas."

Burrock smiled. It was a smile that seemed to say "You poor, simple boy, I pity you."

Derringforth colored and felt uncomfortable. He did not like this attitude in Burrock, but there was no time for argument now. He had slipped away from his office to learn something of the venture that meant happiness or misery to him. His decision as to whether he should spend the evening with Marion depended largely upon the state of the market. With a good profit in sight he would not hesitate, but with a loss in view he would skirmish for more time. Now that Edwards was no longer with her, Derringforth did not regard the delay of a few days as such a serious matter.

Burrock was called aside and Derringforth stepped up to the ticker and read the quotations. His fingers trembled slightly as he held the tape in his hands. The market, as a whole, was strengthening. He watched with anxious eyes for a quotation on Western Union. His time was up. He had already been away from his office too long.

He turned to go. Burrock called to him to wait a minute. He stepped back to the ticker. Western Union

had advanced an eighth. He felt a thrill of excitement—only an eighth, but it meant so much to him. It was a turn in the stock—a break in the bear forces.

"I told you it would come out all right," said Burrock, always cool.

"I know you did—you are a prophet," said Derringforth.

"On stocks," suggested Burrock.

Derringforth understood his meaning and was conscious of an uncomfortable feeling.

"I don't like such cynicism," he said to himself.

He waited a few minutes longer and his spirits were chilled by a slight fluctuation in Western Union in the direction he did not want to see it take.

He went back to his office and telegraphed Marion that he would answer her note later in the day.

Western Union climbed up a little during the afternoon, but did not reach the point of Derringforth's purchase. The market closed with good feeling, however, and Burrock, as well as all the bull clique, looked for better prices on the following day.

"I'm better off by a quarter of a point, anyway, than I was last night," said Derringforth to himself, noting the closing quotations. "But I don't like this frightful anxiety. I wonder what I should say to Marion. Perhaps tomorrow will bring me out allright—perhaps it will ruin me. I must have another day at least. If I were to go to Marion tonight I should have to ask that the engagement be postponed. If I could only have ten days more and a rising market—but I have no excuse for asking for the delay as she had."

He compromised by asking for one day, saying he was very sorry, but that he had a matter on hand that would make it impossible for him to call that evening.

He did not offer any explanation; he simply stated the fact. This was a way he had. It was a fault of his; it is a fault of too many people. A matter is clear to them. It should be. They know all the attending circumstances—see it in its

various shadings—its various lights. They state the bare fact and expect others to see it as they see it, and then wonder at the stupidity of the world. A little more attention to details—a little more effort to make things clear—to bring out the feeling, the intent, the spirit, would rid life of a wonderful amount of friction—would bring happiness to many a gloomy home—would bring sweetness and sunshine to many an aching heart.

"I shall be free tomorrow evening," wrote Derringforth in closing his note, "and will call on you then—providing of course that you have no engagement. I wish I could see you tonight. I'm sure the time seems no longer to you than it does to me since we have had an evening together."

## XXVI.

MARION had been at some social function. It was nearly six o'clock when she returned home. Derringforth's note was awaiting her. She had received his telegram and had wondered that he could not tell when he sent it whether he was free for the evening or not. She had thought a little about it—speculated a little about it.

She could understand that there might be several reasons why he could not answer, at the time of telegraphing, definitely whether he could or could not spend the evening with her. But she wished that she knew just what the cause was. The thought kept coming into her mind though she banished it a hundred times.

She tore open the note with rather more eagerness than she liked to display. Her mother saw this—saw the color that flashed to her cheeks. Marion looked up and caught her mother's eye. She felt annoyed that she should have shown any feeling, and went quickly to her own room.

There were traces of disappointment in her face as she saw herself in the mirror. She read the letter again and repeated the words "I have a matter in hand that will make it impossible for me to call this evening."

"He might as well not have written the note. He could have said in the telegram that he wasn't coming. I should have been quite as wise—something that he doesn't want me to know, perhaps—more diplomatic to telegraph and then write—looks as if he had made the effort to come but could not arrange to do so."

Marion threw off her wraps and tried to throw off the disappointment that held her in its depressing grasp, but she could not free herself—could not help feeling hurt that Phil should treat her so indifferently. She remembered the readiness with which he had assented to the suggestion in her note that his call should be postponed. It seemed very generous of him at the time, but now it appeared in a somewhat different light. The shading was not the same. Many unhappy fancies flitted through her mind, each leaving a sting that sent a pang, like a sharp pointed arrow, to her heart.

She was not accustomed to suffering. While Derringforth had learned to bear the grasp of a Shylock's hand—had learned to know the ache of a burdened soul, Marion had been flattered and entertained and courted. She had had all the pleasures that wealth and society and adoration could give. It was a new sensation to be treated with what she regarded as indifference, and it hurt. She did not bear the pain as one accustomed to disappointments. The depression clung to her until it was gradually crowded back by the feeling of resentment.

"I have not been used to such indifference," she said to herself. "I offered to give up the evening and tried to be nice to him, and I'm simply informed that it will be impossible for him to be with me. He owed me more explanation than this. I would not have treated him as he has treated me. I wish I knew where he was going. I have foolishly flattered myself that he never went anywhere; I have thought of him as a sort of saint, but one can't tell much about a man, any way. I should have kept closer to him. I

have been blind and have worried like a little idiot, thinking I was not doing right by him. How many good times I have lost! I wish Burton were here—he would not treat me in this way. Phil has changed so. He isn't a bit as he used to be. I can't understand him—he doesn't help me to understand him. Maybe he doesn't understand me and feels a restraint that makes him appear as he does."

At the last minute Marion decided to go to the Harburys'. It was to be a brilliant party, but she was not in the mood for social festivities; and yet she could not endure the thought of remaining at home alone. A year before she would have liked the prospect of such an evening. But books did not interest her now as they did then. They lacked the stimulant that she had learned to crave.

Mrs. Kingsley was exceeding glad when she learned that Derringforth was not coming and that Marion was to go with her to the Harburys'. She had not been blind to Burton Edwards's admiration for her daughter, and she saw with much satisfaction that Marion enjoyed his society. There was a sense of safety in this to Mrs. Kingsley's mind. The presence of Edwards, she argued, would tend to wean Marion from Derringforth. It would at least cause her to see less of him. And then there was always the possibility of some complication that would bring about unlooked for changes. Delay was the thing to fight for, she told herself. In it her hope lay.

Had the suspicion occurred to her that Marion was upon the point of falling in love with Edwards, she would at once have regarded him with an utterly different feeling. Her object was to keep Marion from marrying until she was at least three or four years older. So far as Edwards aided her in this purpose, just so far he was especially welcome at her house. She liked him. Her regard for him was genuine, and so long as he did nothing more than win Marion *towards* him—not *to* him—she encouraged the association.

It was a keen disappointment to her that he was so suddenly called away. She expected as a matter of course, now he was gone, that Marion would give up the evening to Derringforth. The day had been gloomy with anxiety. She could not quite believe that Marion would ignore her wishes entirely and engage herself to Derringforth, and yet there was the possibility that she would.

Marion surveyed herself in the mirror when she was dressed. "I never looked so jaded and old before," she thought. "It must be dreadful to grow old and ugly—to feel that the power to attract has gone—that the younger and prettier faces have all the attention and admiration. My cheeks are faded out and my eyes look as if I had had no sleep for a week. Oh dear, I wish I were going to stay at home! I'm tired and disappointed and unhappy. I shall be as stupid as anything, I know. If Phil had only come we could have a quiet evening. I wonder what is keeping him away? What would he think of me if he should see how jaded I look? Would he want to marry me now, I wonder?—it was just a year ago tonight—how happy I was—I would give the world to be as happy now—to feel that he loves me just as he did then and to have him tell me again of his love as he did then."

## XXVII.

It is said that the unexpected usually happens in Wall Street. Derringforth had spent the evening in company with Burrock and they had talked with a number of speculators. The consensus of opinion was that there would be a strong, active market on the following day. He went home buoyant with hope and eager for the night to pass.

The sun came up and hid itself behind a leaden sky. Derringforth looked out from the window of his room. The dull light, the bleak wind, and the thought that it was Friday awakened a feeling of anxiety. He

knew that the nerves of Wall Street men lie close to the surface—knew how susceptible they were to the influence of little things, even to the state of the weather and the day of the week, if the day happened to be Friday. But, true to the predictions of the night before, the market opened firmer. Burrock was early on the scene. He fancied he could trace the hand of a combination trying to force prices, and satisfied himself that the apparent strength was artificial and would not last.

He concluded to unload a portion of his holdings, and with the sale of his stock sold three hundred shares of Derringforth's. The price obtained was slightly below the cost, netting the latter a loss, with interest and brokerage, of a trifle over ninety dollars. An hour later the stock had sagged three quarters of a point. The market finally became dull and weak, and remained so throughout the day.

Derringforth was thankful that the three hundred shares of his holdings had been sold. At the closing price of Western Union he could dispose of the two hundred shares he still held at a loss of something over two hundred dollars. This, together with the loss on the shares already sold, would make the transaction show a net loss of a trifle over three hundred dollars.

This was the status of his second Wall Street venture at the end of the day, and it did not furnish a highly gratifying outlook with which to go to Marion. But this was not the worst phase of the situation. Van Stump had given another turn to the twist.

After picking himself up, on the morning when Derringforth threw him out of the office, Strum lost no time in acquainting his master with all that had occurred at the Derringforths'. Van Stump was white with anger.

"They shall pay dearly for this," he said, bringing his fist down upon the library table in a way that emphasized his words. "I will bring that young dog to his knees—

he shall learn what it means to insult a representative of mine!"

"It was very humiliating to be thrown in a heap," sniveled Strum, rubbing his smarting knee.

"It's very exasperating—people I have been trying to help, too—I'll show them what is what. I'll crush them to the earth—yes, to the earth, the beggars! I'll take the conceit out of that young whelp. He carries his head too high—too high, Strum. You will see his nose in the dust. I have wanted to get my hands on him, and now the time has come. I have another reason, too, for humbling this young upstart."

Had Strum succeeded in his effort to see the books of the Derringforths, Van Stump would have known exactly where to strike. It is one thing to get into a rage and threaten to do a thing; it is quite another matter to do it.

But Van Stump's anger was aroused. He was usually too cold to be moved outwardly. It was not his regard for his agent in this instance that stirred his wrath. Had it been some one other than Derringforth who had thrown the sycophantic Strum out of his office, Van Stump's coolness would have been unperturbed. He knew of the relations between Marion and Phil. Since she had become a favorite in society he had acquainted himself with her history. The fact that Derringforth's name was so closely associated with hers caused him to feel a sense of power over her, since his hand was at Derringforth's throat.

Van Stump, like most bachelors of his type, was not sensitive. It made little difference to him what people said of him. He was Van Stump, in his own consciousness—Van Stump, the millionaire. What need he care about the opinions of envious poverty or the feelings of striplings, as he called young men, whom he was wont to brush aside with an air of indifference to their existence?

His money was a great big fact. He knew its power and made use of



it. The smile of a scheming mother or the love glances of her fawning daughter amused him. He liked it, and talked the sweet nonsense of youth. He knew that his money was the target for aspiring poverty.

He always saw two faces—the one fair and ingenuous, in which the soul of true, sweet womanhood shone with a look of trust in him—of admiration for him; the other, artful, cunning, cold, selfish—an expression that seemed to say, "You old fool! how I am humbugging you, but your gold is well worth all the sacrifice. It will be but a year or two, and you will be under the sod, and the money once in my hands the world will be mine."

But this did not affect Van Stump. His philosophy was greater than his cynicism. "It is all a game of bluff," he had said to himself many times, "and woman is not the only one that can play at it."

He liked to be with girls who had the beauty and freshness of youth. For those who were beginning to drop back into the second tier he had no time. They did not interest him. His object was simply to be amused. He had no motive other than this. There was no sentiment in his soul that reached beyond the present. He had no attachments. One life meant to him little more than another. The girl who interested him most was the one from whom he could get most. Persistence was a notable characteristic of his. He did not know the meaning of the word rebuff. His assurance fitted him perfectly for the part he played.

"If the striplings think me rude what need I care?" he said to himself. "If some one yawns mentally and wishes me at the bottom of the sea what need I care? If a girl amuses me I talk to her and spend money on her. But I am not concerned as to whether I interest her or not. That is her affair, not mine. If she avoids me, what is the odds? There are hundreds of others—every year an army of débutantes is let loose upon the world—and the clink of gold hath charms. With ten mil-

lions in my pocket I shall never grow old. I may totter on my staff and yet shall I be an Apollo. Money is always in its prime, and since in a sense I am money, I am and ever shall be in my prime."

Van Stump reduced everything to a basis of mathematical calculation. There was no impulse—no soul in his nature. He never devoted attention to any one without getting a *quid pro quo* for the time and money spent. New faces—new affairs alone interested him. There was no stimulant—no intoxication in old associations. Whenever he began to weary of a girl he dropped her. He felt no compunction in doing this.

"She would do the same by me," he told himself, "but suppose she wouldn't, what is the odds? I am not in this thing for charity. I pay for all I get. I buy whatever suits my fancy. The transaction is cash. I run up no bills—place myself under no obligations—keep no books. One day a certain temperament suits my mood; at another time a different one gives me most pleasure; that is all there is of it."

Van Stump was not an anomaly. There are others whose god is this same philosophy—men who take girls to the play, lavish flowers upon them, and entertain them regally—not because of any deep admiration for them or any innate desire to give them pleasure, but because some such association is essential to their own enjoyment. There is no generosity in this. It is merely a cold business transaction—an investment of time and money that brings profitable returns.

Van Stump saw much in Marion to admire. He liked her bright face. Her conversation was light and pleasing, and there was laughter and mischief in her eyes.

He had annoyed her with his attention ever since her début in society. His persistence, when a sense of decency should have told him that he was *de trop*, exasperated her. Her dislike grew finally into detestation, but her diplomatic mother urged upon her the desirability of hiding



her feelings. She obeyed the injunction in so far as possible and made herself discreetly agreeable to Van Stump.

But the fact of his power over Derringforth added to his boldness and made him even more persistent with Marion than with other girls. He felt that he had a right to command her time, and he made himself more offensive in his attention than usual. Marion at length rebelled and declared that she would not be tormented by him. "He is the worst old boor," she said to her mother, "and is so rude. No matter who is talking with me he crowds his way up and simply monopolizes conversation with his stale compliments and threadbare, sentimental rubbish. I am tired of it, and will not submit to it any longer."

"I hope you will not be hasty, my dear," replied her mother with a persuasive smile. "It is always well to be discreet."

"Discretion isn't to be thought of in his case," returned Marion. "He doesn't know the meaning of the word himself, and I shall not know its meaning again where he is concerned."

She was not quite so brave at first as she thought she would be; yet true to her purpose she did snub him, and in a way that would have settled a man of finer fiber. But it had no effect on Van Stump. He laughed at the feebleness of the effort and pressed his attention with malicious persistency. He had laughed too soon. He did not know the spirit of the girl he was tormenting. He made the discovery a little later—too late for his peace of mind. He had regarded himself as too indifferent to be annoyed by any girl, however she might choose to treat him. Van Stump, in his estimation, Van Stump, the millionaire, was impervious to any shafts of satire that a woman might send at him. He could coolly laugh at her fuming—could enjoy as a mild joke the harmless sputterings of her rage.

But he learned that there are exceptions—learned the smart of humili-

ation—felt the sting of anger as it burned into a consuming blaze.

Marion had tried to make herself understood by gentle means, but she soon saw that diplomacy was of no avail and determined to fence no further.

"I will not allow him to annoy me any more," she told herself with a flash of fire in her eyes and then she told him the same thing. She spoke the words coolly but with a decision that was a revelation to Van Stump. He had never met a girl before who had the spirit to turn upon him, and for a minute he was nonplused. Then he began to laugh as if it were a great joke, but her words rankled within him and he felt the tremor of anger forcing the perspiration from his pores.

"Whenever you have finished laughing," she said in a cuttingly satirical tone, "I shall make myself even plainer. We have misunderstood each other quite long enough, Mr. Van Stump."

One remark led to another until Van Stump had seen a picture of himself that he would have scarcely recognized—a picture that portrayed him as a consummate boor—a character so utterly selfish that he could barely restrain himself from choking the author into insensibility. All his boasted coolness and indifference deserted him. The bitterness of his heart was stirred to its depths and the dregs poisoned him. His fingers tingled with the spirit of annihilation and the word "revenge" rang loudly in his ears.

## XXVIII.

It was shortly after the occurrence of this somewhat spirited scene between Marion and Van Stump that Strum sought during Mr. Derringforth's absence to learn from Phil the exact state of the firm's affairs. The interview did not end quite as he had hoped—hardly as Van Stump had hoped. A somewhat lucid account of the manner in which it terminated only served to intensify Van Stump's anger. He had been

thwarted in his first move—a move which had for its ultimate purpose the humiliation of Marion.

Van Stump had made a careful survey of the situation, and so far as he could discover, the ruin of Derringforth was the only possible point of attack on her. Her father was very rich, and her social position was unquestioned. She had been exceptionally discreet, and no word of scandal had ever been spoken against her.

"There is but one way to humble her," he said to himself, "and that is to crush Derringforth. And after all, what is the odds? He is nothing to me, the poor beggar."

Van Stump's animus was aimed at Marion, but when he learned that Derringforth had taken it upon himself to thwart his (Van Stump's) purpose by unceremoniously dumping Strum in a heap outside the office door, then it was that his hatred for Derringforth was kindled into a fierce blaze.

He was in a bitter state of mind, and in ominous mutterings threatened to exterminate Derringforth.

"I will crush him into a shapeless mass," he hissed, and the clinching of his fists added realism to his words.

His usual discretion deserted him. He was swayed by a frenzied desire to humiliate Marion and to bring Derringforth to his knees. He came out from his hiding place and took a hand personally in the investigation, in a round about way, of the affairs of the Derringforths. He was too much in earnest to sit at home and idly await the result of Strum's further efforts. It would have been well for him had he done so, but of this not now.

With the twenty thousand dollar note due to Strum, as agent for Van Stump, paid and out of the way, the Derringforths saw a glimmer of sunlight streaming in through a rift in the clouds. It lighted up Mr. Derringforth's face and would have had a similar effect upon Phil but for other complications, an account of which has already been given.

"There are three weeks of smooth sailing before us, Phil," said Mr. Derringforth, settling himself back in his big office chair with an air of relief. "Three weeks—it's a good while, but there is nothing that will trouble us. If we were only free from that Shylock, but—well, he can't bother us until the next note falls due."

"And that is three weeks from now?" queried Phil.

"Yes, and in the meantime I hope to make a turn that will give us the money to take it up in full."

It was Tuesday that this conversation occurred, the day after Phil had pitched Strum out of the office. On Friday, just three days later, the firm was paralyzed by a blow from a friendly quarter. It came in the shape of a peremptory demand for the immediate payment of a large sum of money. Mr. Derringforth was stunned at what seemed to him a cold blooded, high handed procedure. Phil had never seen his father so visibly affected before. He looked as if the last friend had deserted him—as if his confidence in humanity was gone.

"I have paid this house hundreds of thousands of dollars, as you know, Phil," he said, speaking as one almost doubting his own senses, "and I should as soon expect you or your mother to turn upon me in this way. I can't understand it—I can't realize it—the Hayden National Iron Company—a house that I would have trusted with my very life."

"There is something at the bottom of this," said Phil, scarcely less shocked than his father.

"There must be—these people have been my friends. They would not treat us in this way. They knew exactly how we were pressed for money and told me to take our own time for paying them. 'Your credit is good for any amount with us,' said Mr. Baldwin to me only last week."

"And he is the treasurer?" said Phil.

"Yes, the treasurer. There is something wrong somewhere, as you say," replied the father. "Some-

thing wrong," he repeated to himself, looking as one trying to peer into an impenetrable mystery.

## XXIX.

THERE seems to be an irony of fate that delights in making things turn out strangely different from our fancies. Marion went to the Harburys', feeling blue and depressed. She expected a miserably stupid time, and but for the prospect of a yet more dismal evening at home alone, would have sent regrets. The party was one of the events of the season; it was *the* event with Marion.

She had scarcely entered the room when a tall, finely proportioned man was presented to her. He was an Englishman, a cousin to Mrs. Harbury. Devonshire—Richard Devonshire was his name. He had been in America only three days, but was not slow to discover the girl that appealed most strongly to his fancy, and to her he devoted himself almost exclusively throughout the evening.

That girl was Marion. She had never met just such a man before. He was a fascinating talker, a gratifying listener, and a gentleman of fine instincts. Marion was charmed with him, and was conscious of a buoyancy of spirit that was an extreme rebound from the gloom of the early evening. She had never in all her life appeared to better advantage. Her conversation was bright and sparkling, her manner imbued with captivating enthusiasm, her beauty intoxicating. Devonshire hung upon her words with an expression in his eyes that was an electric stimulus to her.

They walked and talked and danced together, to the envy of some, but to the delight of each other. The conversation finally turned on England. Marion said that she had been considering the matter of going abroad with the beginning of Lent. "It all depends upon me," she added, "as papa and mama are anxious to take the trip."

"I wish I could say something that

would persuade you to go," replied Devonshire. "I shall return myself at about that time."

"Shall you?" exclaimed Marion, her eyes dancing with pleasure.

"Yes, and if you will go, and it would be agreeable to you and your father and mother, I will arrange to sail on the same steamer with you."

"Nothing would give us more pleasure, I am sure," answered Marion.

"Thank you very much," returned Devonshire.

"The thought of having so agreeable a fellow passenger almost persuades me," said Marion, with a look that made the heart of the Englishman beat faster.

"I think I could give you some pleasure in England. At all events I should esteem it a favor to be allowed to do anything in my power for your enjoyment."

"You are very, very kind. I wish I could say now that I shall go, but I shall let you know definitely within a day or two. I really cannot decide tonight."

## XXX.

It was with an aching heart that Derringforth ascended the brown stone steps of the Kingsleys'. His venture into Wall Street, instead of helping him, had only added to his anxiety. It had already resulted in a small loss and the end was not yet. But worse than this—a thousand times worse, was the crisis in the firm's affairs.

He would gladly give ten years of his life, it seemed to him, for a little more time, but he had told Marion that he was free for that evening and knew that she would expect him. There was no reasonable and satisfactory excuse to offer her for further delay. No, there was no hope, he must go to her and ask that the engagement be postponed or the idea abandoned for ever. The thought was torture to him, but there was no other way.

He entered the drawing room, feeling like one about to pass sentence

upon himself. Marion came down a minute later and greeted him in the old time, cordial way.

"I am so glad to see you," she said.

"And I am glad to see you," replied Derringforth, taking both her hands in his. "I am always glad to see you, little girl." There was feeling in the words as he spoke them, though he tried to hide the gloom of his soul, and be the light hearted boy of a year before.

Marion led the way to the sofa. "I was afraid you no longer cared to see me since you couldn't come last evening," she answered.

"But it was impossible for me to come," he replied. The words were out before he realized that he was uttering a falsehood. The sound of the last syllable had not died away when his conscience thrust a picture before his eyes. It was a distorted likeness of himself with the word "liar" written obliquely across it. He winced and shifted his position, moving cautiously a few inches further away from Marion. She made no reply for an instant. The silence gave Derringforth time to feel a tremor of contempt for himself.

Meantime Marion was doing a little thinking on her own account. The thought flashed through her mind that it was only the night before last when she occupied precisely the same position on that same sofa that she now occupied, and that Burton Edwards then sat where Phil now sat. The scene was painfully realistic.

Derringforth was wrought up to a highly sensitive state. Nothing escaped him. The flush of her face and the sudden confusion of her manner impressed themselves upon him with photographic accuracy. He interpreted these outward signs as evidence of contempt for him, fancying that she knew he had said what was not true. The thought of deliberately lying to Marion was revolting to his sense of manliness.

"It is the devil that is in me that spoke these false words," he said to

himself. "I never intended to say anything of the sort. It was *not* impossible for me to call." He was upon the point of confessing when Marion said:

"I was bitterly disappointed." She raised her eyes. They met his, and a blush of self condemnation leaped to his face.

"I was right," cried Marion to herself, stung by the pang of jealousy. "I was right," she repeated; "there is something he is keeping from me."

"I am very sorry," answered Derringforth, struggling to appear natural. "I wanted to come more than you can realize, but you know you asked for a few days' delay and so I went into a little business venture with a friend."

Derringforth paused for an instant, and Marion, supposing he had finished, said:

"I didn't think you would let business keep you from coming to see me. Would it have kept you a year ago, I wonder?"

There was something in the way this was said that sent a chill through Derringforth. Marion had tried to speak kindly. It was that pang of jealousy that keyed her vocal chords to harsher tones. He had intended to explain further about the business venture, and also confess the falsehood that was rankling in his soul. But he couldn't quite bring himself to do this now. There was an involuntary tightening about the cords of his heart. He answered guardedly, saying:

"I cannot always shape things quite to my liking. I have already said that I wanted to spend the evening with you, and I waited till towards night to see if I could not do so. In asking if I should have let business keep me from you a year ago you imply a doubt of my loyalty."

The word "loyalty" made Marion wince. Her own heart was her accuser—not Derringforth. "I did not really mean that," she said nervously. "I felt hurt and disappointed, and you gave no reason for not coming

—you give none now—not quite enough, Phil, to satisfy a girl's heart. I didn't feel a bit like going out, and fancied that we could have such a quiet, good time at home."

"I am very sorry," answered Derringforth, melting again into sunnier mood. "I am very sorry, but hope my not coming did not spoil your evening."

"Oh no, I went to the Harburys'—you know they gave a big party—and I had the very best time I have had this winter."

"I am glad," said Derringforth,

his sensitive nature chilled again by Marion's too evident delight at the recollection of the previous evening's pleasure. "As it turned out," he continued, "I hope you are not sorry that I couldn't come—you would have missed a good time, and now you have me with you tonight."

Derringforth paused for an answer. Marion hesitated. She would not utter a falsehood, and she could not well say how glad she was that she went to the party—could not tell Phil of Devonshire and the delightful hours she had spent with him.

(*To be continued.*)

### 'NEATH THE SUNSHADE.

Eyes that are languid and dreamy,  
Lips that are temptingly red,  
Cheeks that are dimpled and creamy,  
And tresses silken of thread—  
(Mine is the chief of disgraces,  
Loving the vision I view !)  
Ah, 'tis the fairest of faces  
Under this shade of *écru* !

Blossoms that breathe of a bridal,  
Born of the redolent night,  
Wafted of winds to my idol,  
Just for her dainty delight.  
(What if I yield to temptation ?  
Who could resist it ? Could you ?)  
Ah, what an artist's creation  
Under the shade of *écru* !

Truly a model to measure,  
Fashioned by angels above,  
Truly a poem of pleasure,  
Aye, and a lyric of love !  
(Where is the harm that prevents, say ?  
Now there is no one to view—)  
Hammocks are simply immense, eh ?  
Under a shade of *écru* !

Arthur C. Grissom



## CONSTANTINE MAKOWSKY.

*By Sydney F. Coles.*

THE frontispiece of this number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* is a reproduction of one of the best of recent Russian pictures. It derives an added timeliness from the fact that its author, Constantine Egorovitch Makowsky, is at present visiting the United States, where his name has already been made known by some striking paintings of his that are owned on this side of the Atlantic.

In the realm of the Czar, where education belongs only to the few, and wealth is monopolized by a small dominant class, art is, as might be expected, an exotic of limited growth. Russian painting, like Russian culture in general, has been largely dependent upon France for its inspiration, and Paris has been its artistic headquarters. At the exposition of 1878 in the French capital, Charles Clement observed that "in the Russian department one finds himself much more in Paris than at Moscow. Russian artists," he added, "have more ability and intelligence than originality. They are more anxious to imitate the manner of the masters they adopt than to create a style wholly theirs."

"There exists in Russia," added Theophile Gautier, one of the first of critics, "the beginnings of a school; but it cannot be self consistent and really interesting until it ceases to be under foreign influence. One could see at the exposition of 1878 that those Russian artists who dared to speak a native language were few in number. It was among a few painters of landscape and genre that was found genius peculiar to the race. The stamp of originality being less dependent on manner, they give more minute attention to the matter

—the costumes, types, customs, of their native country. The subject has thus a greater prominence than the artistic element."

The only Russian painters whom the world knows are those of the Muscovite colony in Paris—Verestchagin, Von Becker, Makowsky, and one or two others. Makowsky—or Makoffsky, as the name is sometimes given—has been a Parisian by residence for ten years or more, and he considers the French city his home.

He was born in Moscow fifty four years ago, and studied in the old Russian capital and at the Academy of St. Petersburg, where he won a gold medal in 1862. Five years later he became a member of the Academy, and in 1869 he was appointed a professor.

His later work has been done in Paris. At the great exposition of four years ago he showed five important canvases, and received a gold medal. For the last year much of his time has been devoted to a series of pictures painted to the Czar's order, and illustrative of scenes in Russian history. The undertaking is on so large a scale that about three more years will be required to complete it.

M. Makowsky is distinctively Russian in his subjects, even if, as his French critics maintain, his style is closely modeled upon the modern Parisian school. He delights to portray the barbaric richness of ornament that is characteristic of his race, and to exploit the picturesque coloring of the Russian costumes. Even in his "Romeo and Juliet" the figures are Russian in all but name.

Perhaps his best known pictures are the "Russian Wedding Feast"

and "Choosing the Bride," both of which have been made familiar by many reproductions. The latter, which was painted for Mr. C. W. Schumann of New York, is founded upon a romantic incident in the history of the royal house of Russia. A canvas of heroic size, fifteen feet by ten, it shows the young Czar Alexis, father of Peter the Great, choosing his bride from among the six fairest maidens of his empire. The story adds that she whom he chose was not destined to become Czarina. Myrosoff, the young emperor's tutor, and the father of one of the rejected beauties, was so deeply incensed that he conspired to

have her convicted of demoniac possession, and banished to Siberia, with all her family.

M. Makowsky comes of an artistic family. His brother, Vladimir Egorovitch Makowsky, is known as a figure painter; his sister, Alexandrina Egorovna Makowsky, as a painter of landscapes. He is married and is accompanied on his visit to America by his wife and son.

The purpose of his journey he recently stated as the observation and sketching of characteristic scenes of American life, including a stay in Chicago during the World's Fair, and perhaps the painting of a few portraits there or in New York.

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RONDEL.

How kind Fate was to us that night,  
When down the lane, moon veiled in white,  
We walked upon the dewy grass,  
A blissful pair with hearts so light,  
I think we did not reckon quite  
How kind Fate was.

An envious ray sulked in your hair,  
And paled the gold it could not share;  
One lock, loosed from the silvery mass,  
Blew half across a cheek so fair;  
I proved upon it, then and there,  
How kind Fate was!

Love duped us, sweet! Last year you wed  
Another man, and I, instead  
Of muttering oaths in bitter bass,  
Sent silver spoons, and as I read  
Your bridal cards, devoutly said  
How kind Fate was!

*Eva Wilder McGlasson.*

## "SEE A PIN AND PICK IT UP."

*By Phillips McClure.*

HIGH spirited people are optimists, and optimists are the most conceited people on earth. They imagine that everything was created for themselves. When the sun comes up behind a sodden bank of rain clouds, they look all over everything and decide that it was ordained by a special Providence that they should stay at home that day; or there is some visit that they should make another day.

It always aggravates me to find one of these people who are always considering themselves as the very center of the universe about which all the divine plan revolves. All their bad luck is but a seeming, a preparation for some extraordinary good fortune which is on its jubilant way.

Brownson was just this sort of a man. If I had not made his acquaintance in my early youth, I know for a certainty that I never should have made it at all. He was entirely antipathetic to my whole nature. There was too much of him. His bones were too big, and there was too much flesh on them. There was too much color in his face; he ate too much, his voice was too loud, and he dressed too well.

Whatever everybody else was wearing, you might be sure, was covering Brownson's person at that identical moment, and it was looking a little better on him than on anybody else. If you by chance had anything like it, you may have had the thing a week before Brownson came out in it, but when you met him, you had an apologetic, sneaking feeling that you had been guilty of the impertinence of copying his clothes, and of the bad taste of selecting something which, while it

might be Brownson's style, was certainly not your own.

That was what made Brownson leave a bad taste in your mouth. He appropriated your own ideas and made you afraid to use them for fear of the charge of plagiarism. You couldn't say anything to him, for he seemed to be quite innocent of doing anything but existing as a big, laughing, jolly sort of fellow who liked everybody and supposed everybody liked him.

I was walking down Fifth Avenue one day last August, keeping on the shady side of the street, and wondering what I was in town for. There was no reason on earth why I should not go, for my place of business was the wide world, and my office fixtures a stylographic pen and a writing pad. But it is much easier for a bachelor to stay at home than to go anywhere. A trunk is not so easy to pack in reality as it is in a story. There are difficulties in the way of seeing how many shirts you have, and making an inventory of holeless socks. My room was large and airy and pleasant, and I had not the attraction at some one of the watering places that usually draws a man out of town as a climax to boxes of chocolates and flowers which have preceded him.

But as I loafed along on the shady side and thought of the various destinations of the owners of some of the shut up houses, I felt lonely; and it was with no more unpleasant sensation than wonder that I saw Brownson coming around the corner of Fifty First Street.

"Hello, old man!" he called, showing all his white teeth and coming up with his hand out. "What in the mischief are you doing in town this

scorching weather? I supposed you were off in the umbrageous depths of some green wood, making love to Phyllises and preparing character sketches for next winter's crop of stories. Why aren't you?"

"I'm hanged if I know," I said frankly. "But what are you doing here? Why aren't you flirting with the usual belle, and getting your name in the Sunday letter and your shadow on the film of the provincial kodak?"

"Let's go somewhere and eat an ice cold lunch," Brownson said.

Brownson knows how to order food. By the time we had lighted our cigars I was in the best of humors. I was glad I had not gone away. There is only one city in the United States where you can eat a perfect lunch.

"I'm tired of all the old places, and you say you have no patience with them. Let's go down to Atlantic City, and see the commonalty disport itself. We can take a bag apiece—full dress isn't needed at Atlantic City—and start at five o'clock. Come along."

"All right," said I, and in two hours we were in Brownson's rubber tired hansom, on our way to Jersey City.

We stopped at the Wraymore, whose verandas look over the board walk and the ocean. The cool air of the surf blew into our faces refreshingly as we went up the steps. It seemed rather a pleasant thing to have come.

The diningroom was a little too crowded, and the women who sat at the little tables seemed a little stout, and a little more than overdressed. Here and there was the very full dark beauty of Israel, with diamonds up to her knuckles, and the haughtiness of the defendant.

After dinner we went out on the board walk.

"All the fun is gone out of the board walk in these days," Brownson said. "I can remember when there was no electric light, no gas, no crowd to speak of—just a pretty girl and you and the moon."

Just then there was a slight part in the crowd, and between two black coats I saw a face that was beyond any doubt the prettiest one I ever saw in my life. There was a wistfulness in the big eyes, almost a quiver about the tender pink curved mouth, that made you want to ask her what the matter was, and what you could do for her. I stopped and looked, but in a second it was gone, swallowed up in that pushing throng, going anywhere.

I turned and tried to follow her, realized my stupidity, and then discovered that I had lost Brownson entirely. I went on for an hour or two, looking at the faces I met, and stopping to see the great whirling platforms of the carrouseles, with their load of wooden animals and swaying boys and girls. I wondered why some Jean Beraud had never painted one of these flying machines on a hot summer night at the seashore, the big glass room with the swelling sea outside, and the moon making a white pathway over the swells; the gayly dressed crowd inside, the mothers and the nurses and the idlers, men and women, sitting on chairs watching the great wheel turn to the music of the last popular song. The air lifted the hair of the young girls and the motion swayed them almost from their feet. But neither Brownson nor the pretty girl were anywhere here. I strolled back toward my hotel and went to bed.

The crowd was growing thinner. Below my hotel there was only a solitary couple, walking slowly along very near each other, and presently they disappeared into the shadows and left the board walk shining white and empty under the moonlight.

It was midnight when I heard Brownson taking off his shoes in the next room. I was out the next morning early, and heard my companion snoring peacefully away. Brownson was not the man to see the sun rise.

I had had my dip in the ocean, and was reading the morning paper in Bew's pavilion, encouraging a ravenous appetite for breakfast, when

I noticed a white serge gown fluttering in the brisk air.

I looked up, and leaning over the railing was the pretty girl I had seen in the crush the night before. She was entirely alone, gazing pensively out across the ocean. Lying at her feet, almost at the edge of the platform, just ready to be pushed by the toe of her patent leather boot into the incoming tide, was a little black suede pocket book.

I started forward, picked it up, and handed it to her, with my hat in my hand and my politest bow. She took it, and thanked me in the softest of voices, but there was not the slightest invitation to continue the conversation, not the least hint that there was one inch of territory beyond upon which I could step my foot.

I concluded at once that that was exactly and precisely the sort of a girl I liked, and the sort of girl I should like to know. I sat down behind my paper again, and watched her. A maid came out of the bath house office behind us, and the young lady joined her, without even a glance in my direction. They went—yes, actually—up the Wraymore steps.

I concluded that my appetite had reached the proper proportions to be gratified.

She was in the diningroom in just the light I should have liked to see her in, and her handling of her fork left nothing to be desired. She was accompanied by a sour looking elderly lady whom I put down at once as a maiden aunt. She didn't look much like the sort of person who might be led into a chance acquaintanceship, or conciliated after the acquaintanceship was an assured fact. There was a glumness and a general air of stand offishness about her.

I had been sitting at the table ten minutes when Brownson found his lazy way to my side. He unfolded his napkin, and his eyes made the round of the diningroom.

"That's a no end pretty girl over there," he said.

A strong feeling came up into my heart at once. Brownson took everything so entirely for granted as belonging exclusively to himself. The grand Mogul's assurance was a bagatelle to his complacency.

"See here, Brownson," said I, "I may as well tell you that I want to know that young lady over there very much. I have a special and particular reason."

I thought that if he had any sense of honor in him that would enlist him upon my side at once. He looked lightly around and then laughed.

"It seems to me the young lady carries your special reason in her face. She's the prettiest girl I ever saw. We must know her. Our reason—the reason of the fates—for our coming to Atlantic City is revealed. The pine and the palm! *Two* pines and a palm, to be more literal."

I felt sure Brownson would find some way to meet those people; he was just the man to succeed in anything of that sort. And I made up my mind that when he did, there should be no scruples standing in my way to prevent my making the most of my time. I felt sure that under ordinary circumstances, a girl who was as sweet and dignified and sensible as that girl looked, would not be dazzled by a man like Brownson.

But although he did his best, he was met by the same icy wall which prevented my further advance. I lifted my hat when I passed them on the board walk, and received in return the very slightest acknowledgment.

"Hello," Brownson said, looking around, "have you met them?" And I told him of my rescue of the purse.

"Well, of all the——" he said scornfully. "Why don't you go up and *talk* to them? You *look* like a gentleman. The only thing I see against you is your happening to be in Atlantic City in the summer time, and they are in the same boat. All I want is a chance speaking acquaintance. Take me up and introduce me, and I'll attend to the rest."

"I don't know their names."

"Well, I do. The old lady is Miss



Theodosia Van Buren, and the young lady is Miss Eugenia Holme. I found that out this morning."

But I still labored under Brownson's contempt. I had not spent my life studying human nature not to know that a heart like Eugenia Holme's was not to be won by vulgar methods. She was the only woman I had ever seen who attracted me strongly, and I could wait.

One day we were going up the beach, and standing by the side of a boat were Miss Van Buren and her niece, talking to a large and jovial middle aged gentleman, with whom they seemed to be on the best of terms.

"Come along," Brownson said excitedly. "Here's our chance. That's Endicott. He evidently knows 'em, and I know *him*. He'd introduce his tailor to Queen Victoria, and I guess we come in between those somewhere."

And we swung along up the beach, the sand crunching under our feet. Suddenly Brownson stopped, dropped my arm, and bent over something in the sand. I stopped to see what he had found. The bediamonded people who frequent Atlantic City have a curious fashion of bathing in their jewels, and the waves often wash a few ornaments off and toss them on the sands. I expected Brownson to bring up a ring at least. What he held up was a big brass pin.

"What's that?" I asked.

"That? That's a pin. I own to just one superstition. 'See a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck.'"

"We seem to be having it," I said, out of all patience. Endicott had stepped into the boat, and was pulling out from the shore; the two ladies were leisurely making their way across the sands to the steps that led up to one of the pavilions.

"Confound you, Brownson! You are a perfectly irresponsible ass."

"Well now, that's all right," Brownson said placidly, carefully weaving the pin into the immaculate lining of his light coat. "It was pro-

bably an unpropitious moment for us to be introduced to Miss Holme. Endicott must have his little yacht about here somewhere. We'll go out and see him, and find out all about these people before we meet them. Distinctly that is the best way, and I am very glad it happened as it did."

There it was again. Brownson actually seemed to suppose that that pin lying there was a part of the plan of the universe. I walked on alone.

But that afternoon I was ready to go out to Endicott's yacht. We had ordered the boat for four o'clock, judging that it would take us an hour to get out to the yacht, and that he would probably ask us to stay to dinner. But we fell in with an old acquaintance from Philadelphia, and it was four o'clock before we started for the Inlet, where our boat lay.

Endicott's yacht was anchored just inside the bar. It was a tiny little thing, but large enough to accommodate him and one or two companions, and we rather anticipated a merry evening. I had seen Miss Holme come out two hours before in a boating dress, and I rather fancied we should find her and her aunt on board; but I said nothing of this to Brownson.

We concluded to row ourselves out, as we thought it more than possible that we should stay late, and did not care to force our man upon Endicott's men. It was rather hard work, as neither of us were accustomed to such violent exercise, but in an hour we were lying alongside the little craft that was Endicott's summer home.

It swung there at anchor, entirely deserted. We called, and hadn't even an echo for reply. Then, while we were turning the boat to go back, pushing away from the vessel's side, there was a swift patter of rain and a sudden wild blow. We concluded to seek some sort of shelter on board the large boat, and climbed up.

There was precious little to be found. Evidently the visits of pass-

ing boatmen had been anticipated, and everything had been made as tightly unwelcoming as possible.

We untied some sails and sheltered ourselves as well as possible, but the water ran over the deck, and blew underneath and made us uncomfortably damp.

"Lucky pin, that of yours," said I, somewhat savagely.

The wind was blowing a regular gale, and the scud came flying in, obscuring the distant masts. Suddenly there was a shrill cry, a woman's cry.

"Help!" it said. "Help!"

We both sprang from under the sail. In a boat about a hundred feet away, lashed by the wind and spray, bare headed and her hair about her face, sat Eugenia Holme.

If she had any oars she was not attempting to use them, but was being blown directly out to sea. By the time I had recognized her, Brownson was in our boat, rowing toward her. It was no easy task. She was in the full rush of the current, which he must cross to get to her. They disappeared in the mist as I looked.

I believe I swore. Why should it have been Brownson who went to her rescue? Not one word had he said to me. He had taken the boat from under my very eyes, and left me there as though I was of no consequence on earth. His impertinence had at last reached the limit of my patience.

I made up all the pleasant little speeches possible to say to Miss Holme when Brownson brought her back. I finally took my keys and tried to find one that would fit the cabin door. I thought that if I were successful, Brownson would be none ahead of me. I could build a fire and get out some wine and make Miss Holme comfortable. But none of my keys would fit the lock, and I went back to my sail, where the water was standing in puddles.

An hour went by, and the storm abated, but there was no sign of Brownson and the young lady. A chill settled around my heart. The

waves dashed high out there on the bar, and both boats had been small. Were they drowned or washed out to sea?

It grew dark and still there was no sign. I walked the deck feeling like some animal caged. Everything seemed to be Brownson's fault, and I had an angry feeling that I wanted to tell him so.

At ten o'clock, one of the little cat rig boats that take parties out all summer from the Inlet came toward me. There had been no boats going by for me to hail; and as soon as I saw the lights I called. There was an answer, and in five minutes the boat was alongside.

A youngish man put his head up over the deck, and called out: "Are you Mr. Sibley? Mr. Brownson told us to come out after you an hour or two ago, but we broke a mast and had to stop and rig a new one."

"When did Mr. Brownson get in?" I inquired.

"About dark. He and the young lady was like a couple o' drowned rats. I guess you had the best of it, stayin' on the yacht."

When I knocked on Brownson's door an hour later, my only answer was a snore, but I never believed he was asleep. The next morning I found a note lying on the breakfast table:

DEAR SIBLEY—Awfully sorry to leave you so hastily but am called up to town. 'Ta ta. Hope you didn't get as wet as I did.

J. B.

I confess I was relieved. If he had stayed he would have been posing around as a hero.

There was but one thing for me to do—send a message and ask after Miss Holme's health. They could hardly refuse their acquaintance under the circumstances. I had assisted at the rescue, inasmuch as I had paid for half the boat, and it had been my friend who had only been an instant ahead of me.

I called up the flower boy and bought a bunch of roses, and then I concluded that would hardly do—at first. I simply sent my card, and a

request to be informed as to the  
young lady's health.

In a few minutes the boy came  
back with my card.

"They went this morning, sir.  
They ain't here."

Three months later, Brownson

sent me his wedding cards, with a  
couplet inside.

See a pin and pick it up—

All the day you'll have good luck.

But when I see a pin on the  
ground, I put my foot on it and  
grind it in.

## A LETTER FROM NARRAGANSETT.

DEAR JACK—Some imps of evil chance

Conspired to bring me here.

I met tonight the reigning belle

Of Narragansett Pier.

She would have pleased an artist's eye,

For in her Empire gown

She looked like some old picture that

Had from its frame stepped down.

I used to know her years ago—

How long it seems since then!

I was a tow haired lad of twelve,

And she was only ten.

A short and shabby roundabout

My boyish heart confined;

She wore a blue checked pinafore

Which buttoned up behind.

Her hair had then a ruddy tinge,

Now "late leaf brown" its sheen;

She wore it "*à la* Kenwigs" then,

Now "*à la* Josephine."

Those same small Louis Quinze shod feet—

All dainty beads and bows—

Once trudged beside me in a pair

Of sturdy coppertoos.

Who'd think those old *young* memories

Would from their sleep arise?

Yet when tonight above her fan

I met her laughing eyes,

I felt the same queer flutter come

That used to come when she,

Above her tattered spelling book,

Would sweetly smile at me.

And though her eyes are just as blue

As in those olden days,

She never could have used them then

In such bewitching ways.

Alas, that e'er such woful plight

Of me could be presaged!

Away down in my heart tonight

I'm sorry I'm engaged.

*Douglas Hemingway.*

## HONEY BEES AND HONEY.

*By Chester G. Ridout.*

WHEN Moses describes the Amorites as coming down from their mountains and assailing the Israelites "as the bees do," we have one of the earliest historical records of the insect to which mankind owes honey. More familiar is the passage in the book of Judges which tells how Sampson, twelve hundred years before Christ, when on his way to ask a Philistine woman in marriage, slew a lion, and on his way home found a swarm of bees and honey in the carcass.

From time immemorial honey has been used and highly esteemed as an article of food. Jacob, when he sent his sons down into Egypt, sent honey as one of his gifts to Pharaoh. The diet of John the Baptist in the wilderness was locusts and wild honey. Solomon said: "Hast thou found honey? Eat so much as is sufficient for thee, lest thou be filled therewith and vomit it." Ezekiel tells us that honey was an article of export from Tyre.

But the remotest data, perhaps, of the existence of the honey bee are in the Egyptian hieroglyphic records, on the obelisks and monuments of the ancient race of the Nile. In these, the picture of a hive bee represented lower Egypt, and the picture of a queen bee was the emblem of royalty, from which it is concluded that Lower Egypt was the sovereign mother country anterior to all Egypt.

Vergil devotes the fourth book of his "Georgics," or poetical manual of husbandry, to the culture of bees. In what Cooper calls "the finest of heathen poetry" he first introduces the subject, begging special attention to it, then describes the proper location for the hives, the manage-

ment of the swarms, and later a battle between two discordant "kings" of a hive.

Varro, Columella, Celsus, and Pliny all wrote regarding the honey bee. Euhemerus, who lived at the beginning of the fourth century before Christ, maintained that the insects were first produced in the island of Cos.

It is difficult to say at just what geological era the bee first came upon the earth, but that it has co-existed there with man we are certain. Previous to the introduction of cane sugar about two hundred years ago, its product, honey, was the principal sweet of commerce and consumption. Palestine is thought by many to be the original home of the honey bee, for although the keeping of bees is nowhere mentioned in the Bible, frequent mention is made of "the land flowing with milk and honey" promised to Moses, and it is very likely that the Canaanites kept bees in much the same manner as they are kept in the Eastern countries today—in hollow logs, cylinders of clay, or wickerwork hives.

That bees in their natural state, in ancient times as well as today, took up their dwelling in trees, logs, and in clefts of rocks, is shown by the Biblical references to "honey out of the rocks." The ancients had a curious idea regarding the origin of bees from putrid carcasses. Dryden's translation of Vergil's recipe for the production of a swarm runs thus:

A steer of two years old they take whose  
head  
Now first with burnished horns begin to  
spread;  
They stop his nostrils while he strives in  
vain

To breathe free air, and struggle with his  
pain.  
Knocked down he dies.

\* \* \* \* \*

The tainted blood in this close prison pent,  
Begins to boil and through the bones ferment;  
Then, wondrous to behold, new creatures  
rise,

So work the busy bees,  
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach  
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king and officers of sorts,  
Where some like magistrates correct at  
home,  
Others like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make loot upon the summer's velvet buds;  
Which pillage they with merry march bring  
home



BEE HIVES ON A MINNESOTA FARM.

A moving mass at first, and impeded with  
wings  
The grubs proceed to bees with pointed  
stings;  
And more and more affecting air, they try  
Their tender pinions and begin to fly.

In his "Chronicles of England, Ireland, and Scotland," published in 1577, Holinshed speaks of "hornets, wasps, bees, and such like, whereof we have great store, and of which an opinion is conceived that the first do breed of the corruption of dead horses, the second of pears and apples corrupted, and the last of kine and oxen; which may be true, since we never have wasps but whenever fruit beginneth to wax ripe."

Shakspeare—for whose marvelous vision nothing was too great or too small—was struck by the wonderful economy of the hive, and its mimicry of human systems:

To the tent royal of their emperor,  
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold;  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his mansion gate;  
The sad eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to executor's fate  
The lazying, yawning drone.

It was centuries ago that bees first excited the interest of the learned. Aristomachus, the famous Lycian philosopher, is said to have devoted fifty eight years to this single branch of zoology. But the early students sought in vain for those discoveries which at the close of the last century, and the beginning of the present, distinguished Francis Huber as the father of modern apiculture.

Huber was born in Geneva in 1750, and died at Lausanne in 1832, leaving behind him two treatises on the honey bee which were translated into



nearly every European tongue, and were the first true educators in a pursuit that he raised to the dignity of a science.

With the better understanding of the habits and characteristics of bees came the invention of the movable comb hive by the Rev. L. L. Langstroth in 1852. The production of the Langstroth hive was another incident that marked an era, for from it the profession of bee keeping as a remunerative industry may be said to date.

Following this came another important invention, that of the section honey box in 1875, which has done more than all else to increase the consumption of comb honey and establish it as an article of commerce.

Up to that time the usual way of obtaining the honey had been to kill the bees, break open the hive, and



THE HONEY BEE—A  
DRONE.

take out its contents—generally consisting of honey, young bees, larvæ, and pollen, in an indiscriminate mass. Then the clear pieces of new comb and honey were kept separate; the rest was put into a cloth sack and the honey squeezed out, usually by pressing under a roller. The article thus obtained was known as strained honey, and those who ate it must have been a little careless as to the cleanliness of their food.

The extracted honey of today is taken from the combs by centrifugal force, in a machine from which the combs come forth in as perfect condition as when they were taken from the hive, except only that the honey knife has removed the cappings from the cells in order that the honey may the more easily be drawn from them. The product of this process is the pure distilled nectar of the flowers from which it is gathered by the bees, and differs

from the comb honey only in being free from the receptacle in which it was deposited—an indigestible and almost tasteless wax, wholly devoid of any beneficial or nutritive property as a food.

The machine used in this process is known as "the honey extractor." Not only has it enabled the bee keeper to obtain the pure honey free from the comb, but it has more than doubled the possible yield of a colony of bees. The

emptied combs, being uninjured, are replaced in the hive for the bees to refill, without the waste of time and consumption of honey in the building of new combs. It is this that has rendered possible the low prices at which pure extracted honey is now sold.

The writer must here enter an emphatic protest against the idea, prevalent in some minds, that honey is extensively adulterated with glucose and syrups. A comparison of the cost of pure extracted honey with that of the best sugar syrup, or even glucose, will prove that the manufacture of such materials into anything characteristic of honey would be an unprofitable operation. The basis of the adulteration theory is a statement alleged to emanate from a scientific authority, and extensively circulated by the press a few years ago—indeed, it occasionally reappears now—to the effect that "honey combs, after being manufactured, filled with glucose, and sealed over, all by human skill, so nicely as to escape detection, are largely sold as genuine bees' honey; when the bees have had nothing to do with a single step in the whole cheating process."

This story has been taken up and abundantly disproved by the journals devoted to apiculture. A reward of a thousand dollars was pub-



THE HONEY BEE—A  
QUEEN.



THE HONEY BEE—  
A WORKER.

licly offered to any one who could show one pound of such manufactured comb honey, or prove that such a manufacturing industry existed. The reward still awaits a claimant.

There was a time, after the introduction of cane and grape sugars, and syrups made from them, when honey fell into comparative disuse as an article of food, and it seemed that its production might become a lost art, in spite of the fact that our ancestors had used it for centuries. But since the introduction of the honey extractor and the rest of the modern bee keeper's equipment, it has become so cheap that it is fast regaining its former commercial importance. Honey has been called a "physiological sweet," inasmuch as it is capable of absorption into the blood without undergoing the chemical change that is necessary in ordinary sugars and syrups before they are susceptible of absorption and assimilation. Unlike sugars, it does not easily undergo fermentation, as it contains a formic acid which prevents chemical change. For these reasons it is the most healthful, nutritious, and natural of all sweets.

The recognition that apiculture now commands as a branch of industry can best be proved by the statement that there are over three hundred thousand bee keepers in the United States alone; that their colonies of bees are numbered by the millions; that the aggregate annual production of honey is estimated at 53,000 tons, or 106,000,000 pounds, worth \$10,600,000; and that the wax product amounts to 35,000,000

pounds, worth \$7,000,000, making the value of the total annual product in the United States worth \$17,600,000. Of this there is exported over \$700,000 worth of wax and about \$1,300,000 of honey.

Until 1860, when the first Italian bees were imported, the black or German bee was the only race kept in this country. More recently there have been introduced here the Cyprian, Syrian, Holy Land, Carnolian, Syrio-Albino and other varieties of the *apis mellifica*. Of these,



A BEE KEEPER AND HIS PETS.

the Italian Alp bee, sometimes called Ligurian, is universally acknowledged to be the most prolific, the hardiest, and the best honey gatherer. It is of a light orange yellow color, with two orange red bands on the abdomen, and is longer and more slender than the black bee. It is indigenous to northern Italy.

The principal sources of honey in the United States are basswood or linden, white clover, buckwheat, and golden rod. In California the bees work nearly the whole spring and summer on the Californian or mountain sage. Beginning in the spring, in the valleys where the sage blooms first, as the season advances they work up the mountain sides.

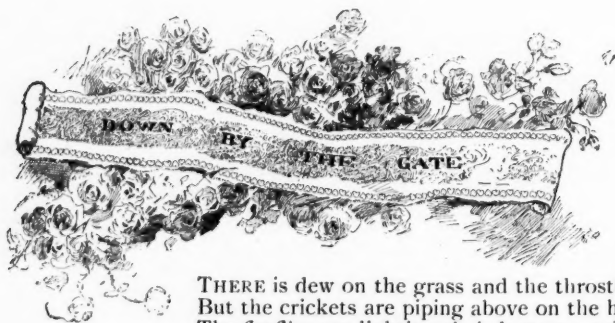
In nearly all of the States the beautiful goldenrod, a native plant of American soil, yields a rich harvest of nectar in the fall of the year after all other honey bearing flowers

are dead. Hence it is a plant greatly valued by the apiculturist.

At what time the black or German bee first came to America is not certain, but it is generally believed to have been brought over at an early date by British pioneers, and later to have become wild in the continent. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" speaks of the bee and white clover as marking the advent of the white man:

Wheresoe'er they move, before them  
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,  
Swarms the bee, the honey maker;  
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them  
Springs a flower unknown among us,  
Springs the White Man's Foot in blossom.

That bees are the same today as when they first winged their flight in the Garden of Eden is without question true. But at no time in the world's history has the value of this wonderful insect been as fully realized as it is today.



THERE is dew on the grass and the throstle is still,  
But the crickets are piping above on the hill;  
The fireflies are lighting their lanterns, and see!  
The moon shines aloft o'er the old poplar tree;  
And I catch the perfume of the rose as I wait  
For the sound of light feet tripping down to the gate.

"Will she come? Will she come?" cries a hope in my heart  
Till the stir of a leaf makes me tremble and start;  
And I peer through the dusk till my eyes are a-blur  
With a warm mist of love that is only for her.  
Oh, the minutes drag by like the slow feet of fate  
As I listen and look for her down by the gate!

There's a step on the path, there's a glimmer of white,  
And the darkness around me grows suddenly bright;  
Yet there's no one to see, save myself and the moon,  
This fairest of all of the roses of June.  
With a soft hand in yours would not you linger late  
For another "good night" o'er the bars of the gate?

*Walter H. Hawkey.*

## DRAMATIC SCENES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

### III.—FIRE AND SWORD IN 1814.

*By Richard H. Titherington.*

THE North American continent is today—and long may it remain so!—the quarter of the globe where peace seems most assured and prosperity most abundant. Yet during its four hundred years of history it has witnessed its full share of the

warfare that America has witnessed were those of the last year of the second conflict with England. Two years of war had taught their evil lessons of bloodshed and bitterness, and had on both sides inflamed hostility into hatred and exasperation.



INTERIOR OF FORT NIAGARA IN 1814.

tragic scenes that form so appalling a proportion of the annals of nations. For nearly three centuries the rival powers of Europe poured out blood and treasure in the fight for possession of its virgin soil. Then came the stormy birth of the independent republic, the struggles of its early years, its war with Mexico, and—most terrible of all—the fratricidal conflict of North and South. Through all of these, and not fully ended yet, has been waged the guerrilla warfare of Indian and settler, with its myriad tragedies of the frontier.

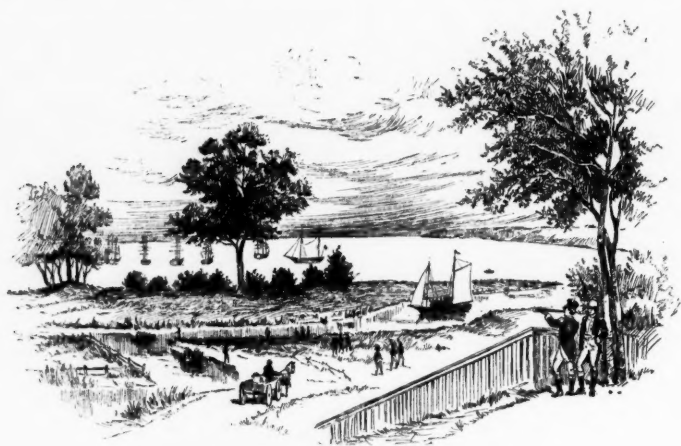
Some of the most cruel scenes of

At the beginning of the winter of 1813, the American General McClure held Fort George, on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, with a force almost entirely composed of volunteers and of New York militia. Early in December he heard that a force of British regulars and Indians was advancing to attack him. The term for which his men had enlisted was about to expire, and most of them refused to reënlist; so he could do nothing but retreat. On the morning of the 10th he abandoned the fort, lighting the fuse of a blast with which he designed to blow it up.

Below the fort was the village of Newark (now Niagara, on the northern side of the frontier). McClure saw that it would provide comfortable quarters for the enemy, and—in an evil moment—he applied the torch to its wooden buildings.

It was a bitterly cold December, with deep snow lying on the ground. The English historian James declares

Fort Niagara, the American post across the Niagara River. In the small hours of a moonless Sunday night (December 19, 1813) he crossed the river to attack it. It was a fortification of some size and strength, but it fell almost without a struggle. Through treachery or carelessness the main gate had been left open and unguarded, and Murray entered



BUFFALO HARBOR IN 1814.

that McClure gave the unfortunate inhabitants of Newark only half an hour's warning, and that it was not believed that he was in earnest till the conflagration actually began. McClure himself asserted that they had twelve hours' notice, and that he offered to furnish the necessities of life to all who would follow him across the river.

The attempt to blow up Fort George failed, and General Murray, who led the British advance, occupied it. As he saw the smoking ashes of Newark—where but one house was left standing out of a hundred and fifty—and its women and children shelterless amid the snow, he determined on a terrible revenge. "Let us retaliate with fire and sword!" he said to his commander in chief, Sir George Drummond. "Do so, swiftly and thoroughly," replied the other.

Murray's first move was against

and had the fort at his mercy. The bayoneting did not stop with the hoisting of the flag of surrender. Of the garrison of four hundred and fifty eight, twenty escaped into the woods; eighty were killed—some of them, it is charged, in the hospital where they lay wounded.

At the sound of Murray's guns, announcing the capture of Fort Niagara, another British detachment, under General Riall, crossed the river higher up, took the village of Lewiston, and sacked it. The English officers and soldiers did not join in these acts of depredation, but they made no attempt to restrain their Indian allies, who robbed and even murdered at will. Eight or ten citizens were killed at Lewiston, and when found their corpses had been scalped. "Among the bodies," according to an eye witness, "was that of a boy ten or twelve years old, stripped and scalped." "The In-



dians," wrote Drummond that evening, "are retaliating the conflagration of Newark. Not a house within my sight but is in flames. This is a melancholy but just retaliation." Melancholy it certainly was; just, scarcely.

At Buffalo the energetic Major General Amos Hall made hasty preparations for defense. He had gathered about two thousand troops when Drummond marched to attack him. It was another night attack, delivered in the early morning of December 30. Hall's men were for the most part raw and undisciplined levies. Their behavior did not retrieve the bad impression which, it must be admitted, the New York militia more than once gave in that same war. At the first fire the leading line of the defense broke and ran. The cowardly example was followed by the next division, which consisted of five hundred Buffalo and Genesee militia.

In spite of this disastrous desertion, Hall advanced to meet the invaders. He had a sharp conflict with the Scots Fusiliers' regiment, eight hundred strong, which was landing from boats at the spot where, a few years later, was built that famous landmark of Buffalo,



GENERAL WILLIAM H. WINDERS.



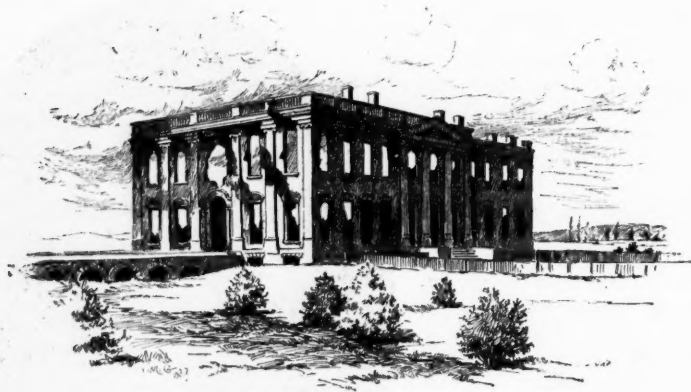
PRESIDENT JAMES MADISON.

the Porter mansion. Hall soon found himself outnumbered and outflanked, and was forced to withdraw.

The two villages of Buffalo and Black Rock were given over to devastation. The British soldiers seized and burned four ships—the *Ariel* and the *Trippe*, of Perry's victorious squadron, and the *Chipewa* and the *Little Belt*, two of his prizes in the memorable lake fight of three months before. The Indians meanwhile set fire to the doomed villages. Four buildings were left standing in Buffalo—a jail, the shop of a blacksmith named Reese, a barn, and the house of a Mrs. St. John.

A still darker chapter in the annals of war was yet to come. The year that began with Buffalo in ashes was to see the national capital seized by the invader, the Capitol ruthlessly destroyed, and the President a fugitive from the blazing White House.

General Ross's raid on Washington, while disastrous to the Ameri-



THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE AFTER THE BRITISH RAID.

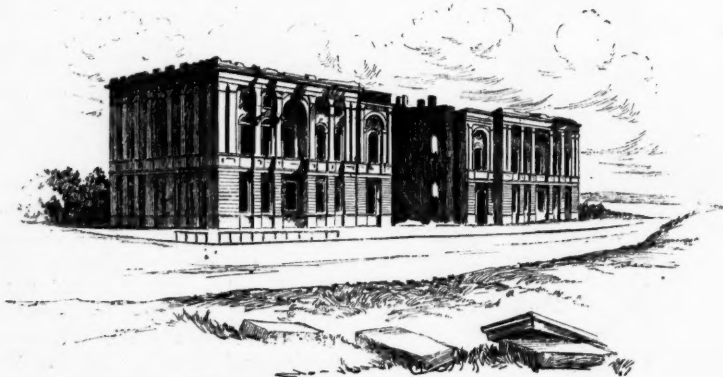
cans, shed no credit upon British arms. It was a paltry and barren achievement for the powerful force sent from England. Suddenly landing on the Patuxent river, Ross found the capital unprepared. The gallant General Winder led out such troops as he could muster to almost certain defeat at Bladensburg. When superior numbers drove him from the field, Washington lay defenseless in the invader's grasp.

President Madison, with Monroe, his Secretary of State, and Armstrong, his Secretary of War, had been with Winder at Bladensburg; and it was they who brought to the capital the news that the British were approaching. Any further attempt at resistance was hopeless. Ross rode into the city—which at that time was a sparsely built town with

about nine hundred houses—about eight o'clock in the evening (August 24, 1814), with his advance guard. That night the citizens of Baltimore, forty miles distant, saw the sky lurid with flame.

As Madison protested, the invaders "wantonly destroyed public edifices having no relation to operations of war; some of these edifices being costly monuments of taste and of the arts, and others depositories of the public archives, not only precious to the nation as the memorials of its origin and its early transactions, but interesting to all nations as contributions to the general stock of historical instruction."

And the only excuse set forth by the destroyers was that they were inflicting retaliation for the burning of Newark.



THE CAPITOL AFTER THE BRITISH RAID.

## LITERARY CHAT.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS has said that when the perfect story is written, the denouement will be not only what probably happened, but what must inevitably have happened. A writer who has arisen among his kind to complain of what the great world demands, in contradiction to what his art demands of him, says:

"There is another little idiosyncrasy of the reader, of which I almost fear to speak, because it is so absurd, but as it is also very common it may be in place. This is the frequency with which readers of presumable intelligence ignore the logical connection between the plot and the characters. They forget that if the development of a story depends upon the people who live in it, these must possess certain characteristics. They must, in a word, be the people who in real life would do just the same things under the same conditions.

"The proper criticism is not upon the pleasant qualities of the characters, but upon their fitness for the work they have to do. If a villain has a part, he must act like a villain. In 'Nicholas Nickleby' it was necessary to have a schoolmaster, but Dickens could not have used Arnold of Rugby for the place. It would have been very fine for the boys, but ruinous to the plot. But in real life take such a man as Squeers and place him in an irresponsible position, with power over the helpless, and he will develop into just such a character as portrayed by Dickens.

"If the reader would bear all this in mind, and not let his likings run away with his judgment, we should hear fewer books condemned because such and such characters were 'not liked.' Who, for instance, 'likes' the people in Zola's novels? Still, they exist, but it remains to us to determine whether we will associate with them in books, or out of them."

EVA WILDER MCGLASSON, whose pretty

young face suggests a girl of sixteen, is one of the late arrivals from the South who have come to make a new vogue in literary ways.

Mrs. McGlasson printed her first bit of poetry four years ago. It was dialect



EVA WILDER MCGLASSON.

From a photograph by Moreno & Lopez, New York.

verse, sent to one of the comic weeklies. The editor asked for more, and presently the name of Eva Wilder McGlasson was one of the most familiar in this class of publication.

Her first novel was "Diana's Livery," which met with an instant success.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD has been told in so many stories that locating a popular author there seems to take him out of the world of fact into the realm of fancy. The life that Jerome K. Jerome and his pretty wife lead there is ideal enough to have been created out of the author's own

brain. Probably it was, before his hard work and strong will gave his air castle substance.

The story of his courtship is a pretty one. Mrs. Jerome was the adopted child of Jerome's mother, and the two children played together, always promising to marry each other. But when they were still in

to death twice during each performance of the piece.

\* \* \*

Few of the people who have heard "La Paloma" played by orchestra, piano, and hurdygurdy, these half dozen years, know that it was brought from Mexico in the year of the first New Orleans Exposition by the famous Mexican band. In the Crescent City it captivated, at the first note, every one who heard it. All through the melody run unexpected sad cadences, that draw the tears to your eyes.

The song is supposed to have been written by a lover, separated from his sweetheart. A rough translation runs as follows:

LA PALOMA.

When to your window  
There cometh a dove,  
Care for it kindly,  
It brings you my love.

Open your bosom,  
Warm and so white,  
And shelter the stranger  
From darkness and night.

And then, on the morrow,  
Set free the blithe dove,  
That, borne on its pinions,  
It may bring me your love.

And when I return  
From over the sea,  
With a heart all on fire  
With longing for thee,

Gird up your long hair,  
That is darker than night,  
With ribbons of scarlet  
And ribbons of white,

And crown it with flowers  
That shall symbol to me—  
"Beloved, her whole heart  
She giveth to thee!"

\* \* \*

In one of those talks which one publisher has with another amid the rush of business, the books that will always sell were discussed.

"Give me," said one, "a book or an article that deals with marriage, beauty, superstition, or some entirely superficial information, and I can always sell it."

"How to Make Money" is a good subject," said another.

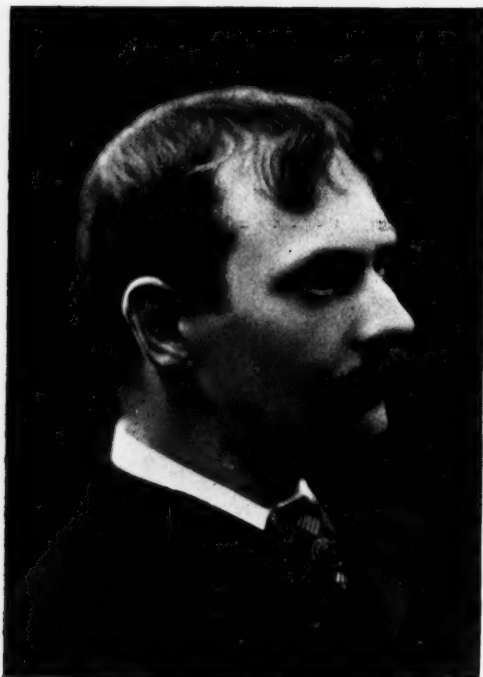
"It isn't the good book, it is the binding and the seller."

"It is the book that touches the individual chord."

"It is the brass band that is truly popular," the last one sighed as he went out.

\* \* \*

METHODS of selling books are to be looked at. "Pastels in Prose" was printed



JEROME K. JEROME.

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, London.

their teens an older man, also a relative, married the young girl. He only lived a few years, however, and died leaving his wife and baby daughter in destitution.

Jerome helped her as much as possible by giving her work as a copyist, and as soon as possible asked her to marry him. They went to housekeeping in a tiny flat, where they lived long after the returns from Mr. Jerome's plays and books had given him a householder's income.

Jerome had been through all sorts of professions before he settled into the regular literary work upon which his fame and income are founded. For several months he was on the stage, and played no less than four parts simultaneously in the melodrama of "Mazeppa," being put

with an eye toward a certain class of people. For weeks before its appearance, a young man who enjoyed a percentage of the sales went about from club to club, "talking it up." Eighteen hundred copies were sold before it saw the light. Twelve hundred, we are told, have been sold since.

\* \* \*  
STANLEY J. WYMAN, who wrote "The House of the Wolf," a story of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, has written a new book which is to appear first as a serial. It is said by the readers who have seen it in manuscript to sound like a translation from Dumas, or a fiery tale by Conan Doyle. The fact that it sounds like somebody else is sufficient assurance that it is not great.

\* \* \*  
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, the much loved sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is now a subdued elderly woman of sixty two. Although she was born in England, she is of a strong Italian type, and in one of the peasant costumes of the Campagna would look as though she were wearing her national dress.

She and her brother Dante were devoted to each other from early childhood. When she was fourteen years old, she persuaded her grandfather, Gaetano Polidori, to print "Sir Hugo the Heron" on his private printing press. At eighteen her own first book of verses was printed.

Miss Rossetti lives near her brother William, and one of her most charming books is "The Song and Rhyme Book," which was written for her little nephews and nieces.

\* \* \*  
THE era of the ancestor in America is comparatively recent. Even the ancestor who "founded the family" (who made money enough to give the family leisure to make itself conspicuous) is in most cases resting under a monument unstained by the weather.

It requires at least one generation of education and comparative leisure for the



CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

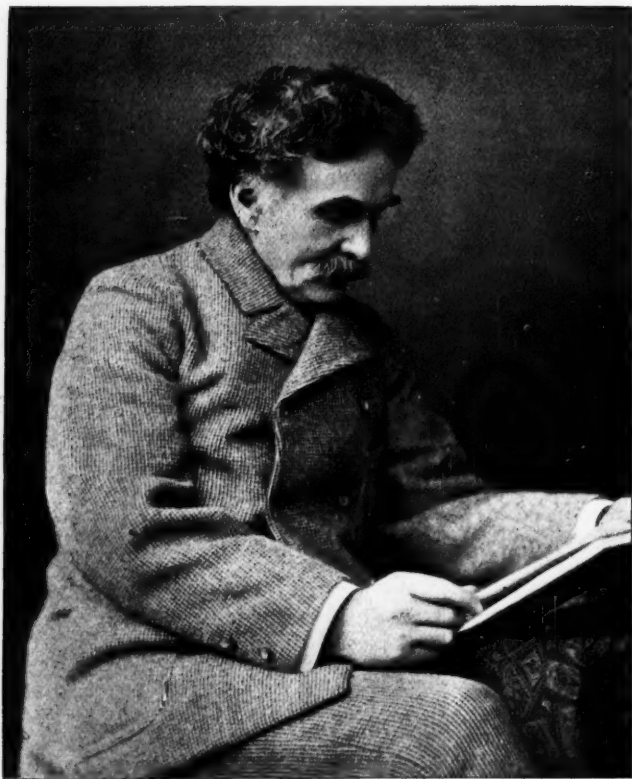
From a photograph by Elliot & Fry, London.

activities of a family to be turned into an artistic channel. In older countries heredity shows itself in literary, dramatic, and artistic families, but in our new growth it is a rare thing for an author to be able to own a first edition of his grandfather's book.

The Davis family seems likely to be one of the distinctive literary families. Rebecca Harding Davis is a name well known to the magazine readers of a generation ago. She was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, and many of her sketches are made from life along the rocky mountain roads of that unworked region, prolific in lumber and ore, hearts of oak and human nature. Mrs. Davis is a sweet faced woman who has a morbid dislike to being photographed. She has not been before a camera for thirty years, and declares she never will look into one again.

She married, very young, L. Clarke





L. CLARKE DAVIS.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

Davis, who was a newspaper writer in Philadelphia. Mr. Davis's first reputation was made as a dramatic critic. He is now the chief editorial director of Mr. Childs's paper, the *Public Ledger*.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis have two sons, both of whom have taken up the pen as their tool. To some men it is a weapon which they use to fight their way through the world; to others it is a chisel, creating beautiful forms out of rough material. There is still a third class, those who use it as a wand, pointing out that which already exists. It is to this class that the Davis family belong.

Richard Harding Davis, whose name introduced him at once as the son of his mother, is a very clever young man who had an unusual education as a journalist. He was brought up in a literary workshop, and the spirit of an editor was fostered in him from his infancy. The usual verbosity of a young writer he never had to overcome. He had a fancy for real life, and a

picturesque way of looking at it. His mind instinctively crystallized the events of an ordinary newspaper "story" into the extraordinary story. He looked at men and women as they passed along city streets and saw their possibilities, and insisted upon seeing reasons, noble or ignoble, behind the most sordid happenings. And people read, and asked for more.

The younger brother is still serving his apprenticeship on a daily paper.

\* \* \*

IBSEN's play "The Comedy of Love," written in 1862, is only now being translated. When it appeared it was greeted by jeers, and spoken of by all the critics who had the fortitude to notice it, as foolish and immoral. Today, when the eagerness to analyze motives and causes overcomes everything, a study such as Ibsen makes of any subject does not begin to be criticised until all the possible information has been squeezed from it.

This play, "The Comedy of Love," is the story of two young people who are in love with each other, and about to be married. They look about them and see how marriage has dwarfed the natures of many of their friends; how people who married loving each other as much as they, have had their sentiment worn away in rounds of petty cares; and they agree to part. Nobody agrees with Ibsen—in theory. Probably the people who would judge from their own experience that the study is from life, are too much occupied ever to read it, but it is interesting.

The Swanhild of the story is the one who sees and sends her lover away. One closes the book in a serious frame of mind—and then, realizing the fundamental facts of human nature, smiles at a fancy that on the other side of the cover Swanhild called her lover back, and they lived happy (or unhappy) ever after.

\* \* \*

EVERYBODY is wondering what people like to read. Practical observation seems to prove that the great commonplace crowd likes to follow a beaten path in literature as in everything else. People go over the same old route of travel that has been talked about and written up, because here they are on familiar ground. They know what to admire. It is the same in books. It is only the adventurer, the pioneer, who seeks for new fields. The stupid book by the well known man is easier reading to the average human being than the clever book by the man who has not received the hall mark of general approval.

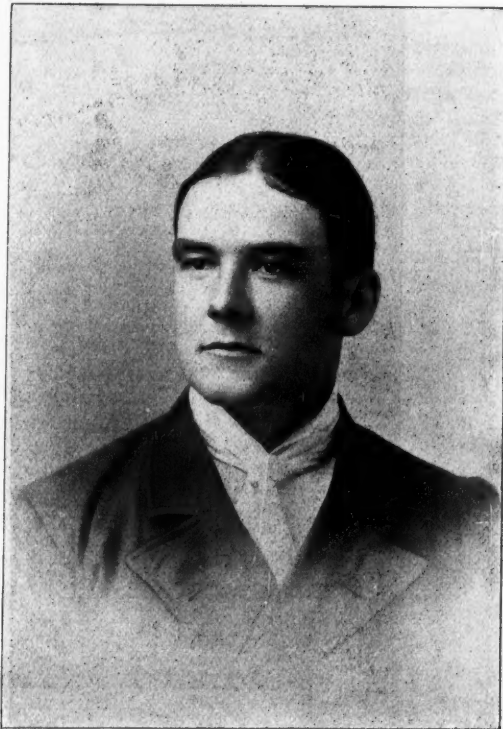
Take William Black's later novels, if they can be called novels. Their guide book loquacity, if it were brought out unsigned, would fall dead at birth. Not one of its witticisms would be printed, even in an English comic journal. But once upon a time there was a "Princess of Thule" and a "Madcap Violet."

\* \* \*

THERE are said to be twenty thousand periodicals published in this country. This was last year's report. There must be twenty five thousand by this time. They shoot up like mushrooms. A millionaire who used to keep a string of race horses or a yacht, nowadays buys a magazine

and plays with it. There has not been, however, a distinctly new note struck in magazine making in years.

A field is suggested for the man who will venture to do it. Let some editor take a competent corps, and send out



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.  
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

every month a collection of condensations. There are very few novels whose entire story cannot be told in four thousand words. Half the novel readers skip everything except the story. The delicate shades of character drawing are lost. Most people are naturally very poor editors. They do not know how to "skim" judicious. Give a novel, say like "Robert Elsmere," into the hands of a clever condenser, and let him squeeze the water out of it and publish the plain story, told as much as possible after Mrs. Ward's style. It would be hailed with delight by all the busy people, and by all the people who have "so much to read."

Give, say, four of these condensations a month. The material would cost little and could be sold cheaply. It would at



HUBERT HERKOMER.

From a photograph by Fradelle &amp; Young, London.

least give the busy man and woman an idea as to whether the real story was worth reading or not.

\* \* \*

HUBERT HERKOMER shows the heredity that almost invariably evinces itself in artistic families. His father was a wood carver of original mind and great skill, who entered his son in the Art School at Southampton. Here he won a bronze medal. In 1865 Herkomer went to Munich with his father, who had been commissioned to copy some large figures in the Glyptothek, and while there the young artist was aided in his studies by Professor Echter. In 1866 he sold his first picture as the result of an exhibition organized by himself and some fellow students.

His earliest great painting was "After the Toil of the Day," exhibited in the

Academy in 1873. "The Last Muster" (1875), was one of the most memorable pictures shown in the Paris exhibition of 1878.

Mr. Herkomer has been elected a member of nearly all the great associations of artists in Europe. His present fad is a theater where he writes the plays, paints the scenery, and invites his own guests.

He is an Englishman by naturalization. He was born at the quaint old village of Landsberg, in southern Bavaria, where the rapid Lech flows down from the Tyrolean Alps. His *geburtshaus*, a plain, old fashioned, gabled cottage, which was built by his father, is still shown to sightseers.

In 1887 Mr. Herkomer succeeded Mr. Ruskin as Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford. He was elected a member of the Royal Academy in 1890.

## THE STAGE.

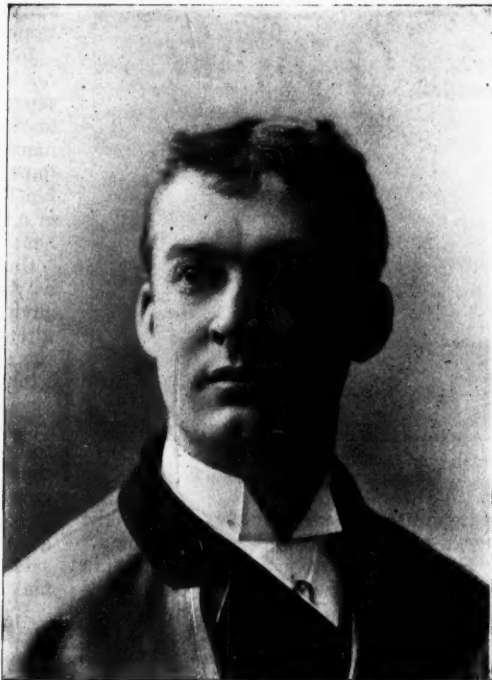
WILLIAM MORRIS, a clever member of the cast of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," has a marvelous record for so young an actor, for he is only thirty two. He has played all sorts of plays, from "Hamlet" to "The Mikado," has supported Italian stars, managed an organization of his own in the West Indies, and been a member of stock companies in Boston, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco.

He was born in Boston, and made his first appearance on the stage at the Museum, August 28, 1876, in Sardou's "Ferreo." He has been leading man for Charles Frohman's company since its organization to play "Men and Women." He fills his present rôle of *Lieutenant Hawkesworth* with a broadness of conception and an earnestness of treatment that reflects the excellent training his varied school of experience has given him.

\* \* \*

ROSINA VOKES has again made a variation from the triple bill with which her name has been so long associated. Last season it was with a play that filled out the entire evening; this year it is with two plays, one of them an old comedy in two acts, Charles Cheltnam's "Lesson in Love." Now the old comedies produced by Mr. Daly in the house where Miss Vokes has just concluded her annual engagement, are in sufficient contrast to modern comedies to be thoroughly refreshing. "A Lesson in Love," on the other hand, is not far enough removed from its imitators of today to justify a revival. Its situations smack of much wear and tear, not because they were ancient when devised, but because they have been put to such frequent use since. Cleverness of dialogue might, in a measure, atone for this drawback, but the talk is of commonplace character and a great deal of it tiresome.

The acting, however, was all that could be desired. Miss Vokes lent her customary vivaciousness to the rôle of *Mrs. Sutherland*, while the *Babblebrook* of Felix Morris was a perfect delineation of the male gossip. Miss Ffolliott Paget's *Anastasia Winterberry* was most enjoyable. Intrusted to less skillful hands the part



WILLIAM MORRIS.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

would assuredly have been tedious, if nothing worse.

The novelty of the bill was "Maid Marian," by Molly Elliot Seawell, well known as a contributor to American periodicals, and as the audacious woman who has avowed that her sex has been denied the possession of the creative faculty. And certainly Miss Seawell's idea for her play is by no means original; it is merely a



EVELYN CAMPBELL.

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

paraphrase, if we may be allowed the term, of the device used in "Pygmalion," "Niobe," and various other dramas in which the counterfeit presentment of a thing is made to become that thing itself for a time. Miss Vokes has already had a similar piece in her repertoire—"The Tinted Venus." But in "Maid Marian" it is a picture that is vivified, and the real delight of the thing springs from the contrast in manners between the period of Queen Elizabeth and that of Queen Victoria.

Here is an excellent opportunity for telling situations, and Miss Seawell responds well. The clash of the habits and customs of the sixteenth century with those of the nineteenth are provocative of much mirth, and afford Miss Vokes plenty of scope for the display of her versatility. "Maid Marian" is a very pretty play, and it has

proved its right to the permanent place in her list Miss Vokes seems disposed to give it.

CHARLES FROHMAN'S Comedians closed their New York season at the Standard Theater with a brilliant rendering of Sydney Grundy's "Arabian Nights." Special éclat was lent to the run by the engagement of Mrs. John Drew, Senior, to enact the part of *Mrs. Gillibrand*, the meddlesome mother in law. And how delightfully she enacted it! The modulations of her voice, the glance of her eye, the very size of the steps she takes across the stage—all play their part in making the rendition a perfect portrait. But then it is like painting the lily to praise Mrs. John Drew. Happy is our stage in the fact that she still actively belongs to it, and long may her retirement be put off.

Joseph Holland as *Arthur Hummingtop* is once more the blundering, harassed, repentant, fearsome husband the public knows so well under so many different names. But he is none the less a skilled impersonator, even if no chance is given him to show versatility. His voice alone is a treasure to him, full and clear, easily heard in the remotest corner of the house.

Charles Abbe could not well be excelled as *Joshua*, the London dude of low proclivities, while Agnes Miller's gutta percha girl is a marvel for the dexterity with which she manages to keep vulgarity out of the "toughness" she is called upon to exhibit.

THERE are two young actresses attached to Frohman's Comedians who have stories that are a little unusual. They live together in a flat near Central Park, and are as happy and gay with their own friends as though they had never seen the other side of the footlights, or known the toil of making their own way in the world.

Evelyn Campbell, whose home name is Nellie Petrie, is a young Scotch girl of twenty three, a grand niece of Sir James Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform. Her mother was one of four famous beauties, the Misses Johnston of Edinburgh. One of these sisters, the wife of Mr. George Whyte, M. P., is mentioned in Sir Reginald Gower's book on coaching as the most beautiful and fascinating woman in Scotland. Some of Miss Campbell's stage dresses have been heirlooms from this famous old family. One was worn at the coronation of George I.

Nine years ago, while the Petries still owned their own beautiful home in Edinburgh, they were giving a house party.



Muriel Dowie, the young woman who became famous by her ride through the Carpathians, was among the guests. She was then sixteen years old, full of the promise of her coming cleverness. She arranged "Pygmalion and Galatea" as a two character play, and she and the little Nellie Petrie played it. The *Galatea* was so distinct a hit that the talent displayed was never forgotten, and when reverses came, it was taken up as a bread winner.

Three months were passed, not very satisfactorily, in a dramatic school, and then, after one or two small engagements, Miss Campbell went to the Boston Museum, where she became a great favorite. Next she found a permanent engagement, and instant success, with the Comedians.

Margaret Craven tempts every one to call her "little Margaret Craven," although she is above the average height. She is so girlish and pretty and soft of voice.

The story of Miss Craven's bow to the public is exactly one of the tales that would be condemned as nonsense, if it were found in fiction. Nowadays all the really interesting stories are found in real life; no novelist dares to use them. Miss Craven is the daughter of a prominent San Francisco family, and niece of a United States Senator. She has ridden horseback over the Sierras with her father, was a capital shot and a bold swimmer. Two years ago, when she was eighteen, almost the only thing she had never thought of doing was acting. It happened that she met Mr. Charles Frohman. In the course of the conversation, he asked her if she ever had thought of the stage.

"No," she said, "but if you will save me a place in one of your companies, I will."

She went home and forgot all about it. Three months later Mr. Frohman telegraphed her to come on for rehearsal. Her mother was out of town, and Miss Craven wrote her this note:

MY DEAR MOTHER: Good by. I have gone on the stage.

Your obedient daughter,  
MARGARET CRAVEN.

Miss Craven's success was phenomenally rapid. She went back to San Francisco playing leading rôles.

She is to play with the Comedians at the Schiller Theater,

Chicago, during their summer engagement there.

\* \* \*

THE Theater of Arts and Letters has widened its scope. Public performances have been given in New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Washington, and other cities. One play accorded this distinction is "Giles Corey, Yeoman," written by Mary E. Wilkins, and published in one of the magazines last Christmas.

On the Arts and Letters playbill Eugene W. Presbrey's name appears on the same line with Miss Wilkins's—a concession, doubtless, to the New England conscience of the New England writer, in whose work this merciless tyrant holds such prominent place.

The changes from the form of the play as it appeared in print are very slight, and are mostly in the shape of excisions and re-arrangements. Scarcely any new work has been introduced.

Another feature of the playbill must be



MARGARET CRAVEN.

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.



EMILIE EDWARDS.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

mentioned—the names of the various actors appear under the heading “artists.” And were it not that it is a cast of artists who interpret the rôles, “Giles Corey” would be in hard case indeed. The dramatic element is almost wholly absent. Only in the finale of the first act, where *Martha Corey* is accused of being a witch, and during parts of the trial scene in the second, are there really any situations in the play. The rest is talk, talk, about matters of moment, to be sure, but talk that one could read in a magazine just as well, and more comfortably, at home. And there are absolutely no gleams of comedy to lighten the horror of the thing. So much for the play.

For the actors, headed by Agnes Booth and Eben Plympton, only words of praise can be spoken. They one and all threw themselves into the spirit of their parts, and made all that was possible out of them. A particularly pleasing Puritan maid was Grace Kimball as *Olive Corey*.

The curtain raiser was an exceedingly spirited comedy by Brander Matthews called “The Decision of the Court.” To be sure it was all talk, but it was bright repartee between a husband and a wife who have agreed to separate, and Agnes Booth brought all her ingenious little arts of inflection and by play to the interpretation of a rôle which in her hands was a source of constant delight to the audience. If the Theater of Arts and Letters does nothing else worthy of remembrance, it will still be in a position to claim the public's gratitude for being the means of bringing Mrs. Booth once more upon the boards where her presence has been so greatly missed.

\* \* \*  
THE second week of the Theater of Arts and Letters' public performances in New York was devoted to Frank Stockton's “Squirrel Inn.” It is called, on the house bill, a pastoral comedy, and runs along very soothingly to one who has grown tired of plays with situations in them, and dislikes to have his nerves stirred up by an effective climax at the close of each act.

We can think of no better example of what a play ought not to be from a dramatic standpoint than “The Squirrel Inn,” and yet the impression which it leaves on the auditor's mind is an agreeable one. The dialogue is bright, of course, and was capitally rendered by the cast Mr. McDowell has provided. A gem of the first water was the *Mrs. Petter* of Sarah McVicker. John Kellard's *Lanigan Beam* was excellent, too. So were the *Professor Tippengray* of F. F. Mackay and *Mrs. Christie* of Netta Guion.

“But how discouraging for such competent artists to play in pieces that draw such poor audiences,” one may say. It would seem as if they could not do their best under such depressing circumstances. So thinks one not versed in the ways of stage promotions. To the actor the thought is always present “How do I know but even in this slim attendance there is such and such a great manager or his agent, looking out for recruits for his company next season? It behooves me to show all that is in me.”

\* \* \*  
THE portrait of Miss Emilie Edwards herewith presented is that of a young lady of considerable versatility. She is well known in the West and South for her ability as an actress, having played with great success the emotional parts in “The Planter's Wife,” “Paul Kauvar,” “Hood-

man Blind," and other pieces of the same order. She is also a lecturer, a singer, and a writer of novels, but her strongest leaning is toward the stage, both her public addresses and her books having, for the most part, the theatrical life for their theme.

Miss Edwards was born near Concord, Massachusetts, and is related to Prescott, the historian.

It is well for art that the artistic temperament is not easily cast down by failure. From Demosthenes, with his stammering tongue, down to the present day, we have instance after instance where the early attempts of geniuses have resulted in ignominious failure. Jane Hading, the great French actress, ranks in this class. Born to the stage, as one may say, she began her studies when a mere child at the Conservatoire in Marseilles, her native town, and she was only fourteen when she made her first appearance in operetta. This was in Algiers, and she afterwards sang in Cairo, with such success that she had great hopes of winning fame as a vocalist.

But Paris was still to pass upon her. It did so in 1877, and adversely. The Parisians said she did not put *chic* enough into her singing for opera bouffe. She was not particularly pretty then, either. To crown all, her voice for singing left her entirely at eighteen. Could there have been a more dismal break down of a career?

It was at this period that Jeanne Hadingue (such was the form of her maiden name) married. Her husband was Victor Koning, a Paris theater manager widely known. When he became director of the Renaissance he cast his wife for the part of *Claire* in "Le Maître des Forges." The author, Georges Ohnet, objected, doubtless fearing that this evident display of favoritism might endanger the success of his piece. But Koning insisted on having his way.

And so began Hading's career—she has deservedly won the honor of being thus named, without prefix of any sort—and a run of three hundred and fifty consecutive nights vindicated the husband's good judgment.

With Hading comes Coquelin to America next fall. He is called the finest actor of comedy in France—some even go so far as to include the world in the field he dominates. He went into theatricals from a bake shop, being the son of a *boulangier* at Boulogne, who brought him up to follow

the paternal calling. But the dramatic instinct was too strong within him to permit of this. He went to Paris, studied at the Conservatoire, and at the early age of ten made his début at the Comedie Française.

His career since that time—this was in 1860—has been one constant succession of triumphs. He was here with Hading on her former visit, and is certain to receive a most royal welcome when he steps upon the stage at Abbey's new theater next November.

It isn't every playwright who achieves the distinction of having his first piece honored with a burlesque. Oscar Wilde should be a happy man to think he has been thus distinguished. And the public has cause to be grateful, too, in a measure, because in the travesty on "Lady Windermere's Fan," as played at the Garden



BENOIT CONSTANT COQUELIN.  
From a photograph by Strellsky, Budapest.



JANE HADING.

From a photograph by Chaiot, Paris.

Theater under the happy title "The Poet and the Puppets," something quite out of the ordinary run has been offered for its delectation. For Charles Brookfield's play is a decided novelty from prologue to final curtain. That it is a wholly pleasing one cannot be said. The author's invention flags only too perceptibly in spots, and a lack of coherence is a palpable fault. On the other hand, there are many delightful scenes in which one laughs because entirely new risibles have been touched. And this, playgoers must admit, is in itself cause for congratulation in these days of much harping on old strings.

The prologue, in which the poet, *Oscar O'Flaherty Wilde* (capitally enacted by Henry Miller), summons a fairy to aid him in creating a play, brings on the scene realistic imitations of Shakspeare, Sheridan, Ibsen, Bronson Howard, and Augustin Daly. The latter gentleman's slouchy

dress and carriage, with his peculiar manner of speaking, are hit off to a "T" by Max Figman. May Irwin, as the fairy, makes the most of her avoirdupois, and the sticking in the trap when she is half way up is skillfully managed so as to produce an impression on the audience that it is an unfortunate contretemps in the stage mechanism. In the play proper she impersonates an extremely rowdyish *Ophelia*, and in a scene with a hoop skirted *Hamlet* arouses much merriment by bits of business not down in any of the Booth prompt books.

The popular hit of the piece, however, has been made by May Robson as *Miss Yesmama*. Her three legged dance is a thing not soon to be forgotten. The modesty with which she executes it, the shyness of the character she impersonates being always kept to the fore, affixes the stamp of real genius to a performance which one who had not seen it would be

inclined to write down as being beneath notice.

There are four scenes in the play, and when the changes are to be made the curtain does not fall, but while the stage is darkened *Oscar Wilde* saunters in, cigarette in hand, and leans lazily against the proscenium, idly superintending the shifting.

Clyde Fitch's "*Frederic Lemaitre*" is used as the *lever du rideau*, in which Henry Miller gives a powerful impersonation of the famous actor, while Elaine Elison makes a charming *Madeline*.

APROPOS of Miss Robson's artificial leg, the New York *Tribune* prints an account of the false arm (not an extra one, however) worn by the French tenor, Duprez, with the story of a singular catastrophe which befell it. This arm, the right one, was curiously constructed, so that by a movement of the body, aided by a sudden touch from behind the back by the left hand, it would rise naturally and act as if it were made of real flesh and bone and muscle.

One night in the second act of "*Traviata*," at the Grand Opera in Paris, Duprez, in giving the final adieu to *Violetta*, threw the arm upward with more force than it could stand, and the consequence was that it became dislocated.

One of the springs broke, and the spectators were amazed to see the limb going round like a windmill. Poor *Violetta*, seeing her lover in so terrible a condition, fainted. Great confusion reigned. Some of the stage hands ran to the rescue, and one man was slapped in the face for his pains, the blow almost knocking him senseless. More assistance came, and the wild arm was finally subdued.

THE variance in the opinions of New York and Boston dramatic critics fixes as great a gulf between these two cities theatrically as exists in all things else between Chicago and St. Louis. Plays which "go" in the metropolis meet with snags as soon as they reach the Hub, and vice versa. New Yorkers are not accustomed to hearing Ada Rehan scored, yet here is what a Boston journal says of her in "*Twelfth Night*." The italics are the critic's own:

"She gives the humorous *situations* in her part a very fine and penetrating point. Her pathos has not quite so genuine a ring; it is not trivial nor vulgar, but it does not, somehow, quite convince one. But, looking at her presentation of *Viola* as an *impersonation*, one hardly knows what to

say of it. It is stagy, conventional, oratorical throughout. She does not live the character before you—indeed she does not even seem to try, or think of trying, to live it before you; she shows it to you, and 'talks it up,' as a commentator might. Never has Miss Rehan been farther from producing a dramatic illusion!"

THEN there is "*Aristocracy*." This same paper has the audacity to term the play which ran a whole winter through in New York, a pot boiler, and wants to know why Mr. Howard did not go one notch further and make it all a farce, adding that it would have been a roaring one.

So much for this side of the case. Now for a glance at the other. This department has already alluded to the sad discrepancy between the reception of the operetta "*Puritania*" in Boston and New York. A later instance is afforded by "*The Crust of Society*," which, on its metropolitan presentation, the *Tribune* dismissed with a few lines of caustic comment on the pity that such unpleasant matters should be staged. The same piece drew columns of favorable comment from the press of the capital of Puritan New England.

At this writing it is too early to know the New York fate of "*1492*," the burlesque which had such a big run at the Hub last year, but one can imagine its managers must be on tenterhooks of anxiety.

Other plays, which, during the past season, have been very successful in Boston, are Hoyt's "*A Temperance Town*," with a record of 150 performances on May 1, and still running, and "*Shore Acres*," the new "*Old Homestead*," which reaches its centennial milestone on May 17.

"PANJANDRUM," the new piece with which De Wolf Hopper opened his fourth annual engagement at the Broadway Theater last month, is well named. Dissecting the manufactured word, we find that "pan" is Greek for "all"; "jan" has been euphonized from "jam," while "drum" typifies the "slambang" dash and go infused into the entire production. For "*Panjandrum*" is nothing if not comprehensive in the elements of which it is composed, its two acts being crowded with all sorts of stage business—sentimental love songs giving place to dances of the "*Ta-ra-ra*" type, these in turn being jostled by pantomime with panoramic effects, which soon run into acts of a circusy flavor,



with a round up on burlesque scenes from Italian opera and a popular drama of the day. The book is by J. Cheever Goodwin and the score by Woolson Morse, the authors of "Wang," whose two season run "Panjandrum" bids fair to duplicate.

Almost for the first time in his career Hopper comes on the stage without being disguised. His rôle is that of a would-be bull fighter, an achievement undertaken simply to win the love of Della Fox, as the landlady of an inn in a village of the Philippine Islands. He is not a success as a toreador, and his terror before the encounter and his humiliation after it, are very drolly brought out.

The characters all go to sea in the next act, which affords opportunity for the introduction of some unique mechanical effects in the shape of a panorama-like movement of the scenery, showing the progress of the ship and its wrecking on the coast of Borneo, on which island the action is taken up again and carried to a conclusion with mirth, melody and movement of the usual comic opera order.

The music is tuneful and some of it will undoubtedly prove "catchy" in time; the costumes form a pleasing blending of color effects, and the mounting is done with all the completeness which distinguishes every production of this company. The cast is almost the same as for "Wang." Funny little Klein has been admirably fitted with his part.

\* \* \*

DIXEY has caught the town again with "Adonis," the 700th performance of which has just been celebrated at the Casino. Of course this chronology is reckoned on from its early days at the Bijou. The renewal of this success is another straw showing that public taste is blowing in the direction of things old, but tried and not found wanting. Francis Wilson has taken cognizance of this fact and secured the rights to "Erminie," with which he proposes to open his season at the Broadway in the fall.

\* \* \*

It is a grateful task for the chronicler of dramatic events to record the popular as well as artistic triumph of Alexander Salvini in his revivals of standard romantic plays. The great auditorium of the Manhattan Opera House has been well filled with delighted audiences for the second piece in the series, "The Three Guardsmen." Salvini carries off the part of *Philippe d'Artagnan* with the dash and snap, without which it must fail of scoring.

Even the accent with which he speaks blends itself into an aid rather than a hindrance to make the impersonation complete. His grace of movement makes it a delight for the eye to watch him and his skill in handling "Bobby," *d'Artagnan's* faithful sword, never fails to awaken enthusiasm in the spectators.

The play is elaborately mounted and the many changes of scene are managed with speed and deftness. The supporting company is in the main a good one, their leader appearing to have infected them all with his own indefatigability, which results in making the piece "go" with spirit from prologue to tag.

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NEW YORK'S Theater of Arts and Letters has not improved its standing with the public by the series of performances which the public was permitted to attend, while over in Paris the Théâtre Libre is having a doleful season of it. It is at this apparently inauspicious moment that Charles Frohman sets about the organization of the Empire Theater College. This new training school for actors is to be under the sole charge of Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft, than whom few could be found more fitted for the task.

The use of the term "college" in the name is evidently significant, and intended to accent the radical difference between the new institution and others already before the public. Announcement is made that "raw recruits" will not be received. All who apply for admission will be required to pass a rigid examination and must show a natural aptitude for the stage before they are accepted as students. Special attention in the course of instruction will be directed to the practical side of stage training, under which head the culture of voice and muscles does *not* come, other schools of acting to the contrary notwithstanding. At least this is the dictum of the Empire College, and embodies, we think, very astute reasoning.

Morning performances are to be given from time to time at the Empire Theater, which will afford managers having doubtful plays under consideration an opportunity to judge of their merits by seeing them actually presented. Charles Frohman has shown his faith in the project by binding himself to engage each season at least six of the graduates of the college for his regular companies. With such backing, so competent a directorship and such common sense aims in its methods, the new venture certainly deserves success.

## IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY.

### THE WORLD'S FAIR AS A FACT.

CHICAGO'S triumph is now in course of realization. The Columbian Exposition, housed in the most elaborate structure the world has ever seen devoted to such purposes, opened promptly on the advertised date, May 1. But amid the clash of music, oratory and machinery which has signalized the inauguration of the Fair, complaints loud and heartfelt have gone up concerning the extortionate charges practiced within the gates. The restaurants and wheel chair companies have come in for the greatest amount of fault finding, which was diffused far and wide throughout the country by the press before the Fair was a week old. Along with this came the report that chaos reigned supreme on the grounds, that one ran the risk of being decapitated by freight cars constantly arriving with belated exhibits, and heard the bands play to the accompaniment of nail driving in the boards of the music pavilions still in process of construction.

Naturally such statements affected the attendance, which, from a crush that threatened to end in a fatal panic at the opening ceremonies, dwindled down to 10,299 paid admissions on the fifth day, five hundred less than were recorded for the corresponding date at the Centennial. In view of this fact Chicago was appalled, and the directors at once set about rectifying the abuses practiced by restaurant keepers and others to whom concessions had been granted.

This exposition is the most costly one ever attempted by any nation on earth. To make it a financial success the daily attendance from June first to October 30 should average from three hundred to four hundred thousand persons. This is more than were present at the opening exercises, the figures for that occasion being 155,565.

The success of the Fair artistically is assured. The *carte blanche* given by the directors to the artists employed to design the buildings and lay out the grounds furnished a guarantee of this fact from the outset. It now remains to conduct the ex-

hibition with such tact that the millions of people required to make it a success financially may feel that they can attend without being imposed upon either within or without the grounds.

For months beforehand rumors of excessive charges at Chicago hotels and boarding houses carried dismay to the hearts of those who had planned a visit to the Fair. What might have been expected in the premises has occurred. Vast caravansaries are yawning for occupants, and the gate receipts are correspondingly low.

But it is not yet too late to rectify the mistake certain Chicago landlords and concessionaires have made. They evidently told themselves that there could be but one Columbian Exposition in a century, and that therefore it behooved them to reap a bountiful harvest. Now that they have had practical experience of the fact that the people of the United States will not submit to extortion they will desist from their slaughter of the goose that lays the golden eggs, and citizens from other towns may visit the Lake City with the consciousness that they will be treated with more consideration than would have been the case if there had been no high horse for grasping monopolists to come down from in the first place.

It is to the credit of Chicago that its press to a unit were outspoken in the demand that the high charges in connection with the Fair be looked into and adjusted to a proper basis.

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### THE FICKLENESS OF FAME.

THE present rage in the social world for "fads" bears very heavily upon those professional folk who earn their daily bread in the realm of music, for example. A fad is not a fad when it has seen a season or two of use; it has then become an old story, and, like the Athenians, the people who compose audiences are eagerly desirous of hearing some new thing. If artists who make a furor when they first appear could retire with a fortune at the close of their second season, say, or—or, well, die, matters would arrange themselves very nicely

As it is, their taste of success has only ill-fitted them to hear the relegation to obscurity, and it is but poor consolation for them to reflect that the reigning favorite is pretty certain ere long to share a similar fate.

Of course there are a few very great names which receive recognition after novelty has worn off, but this does not lessen the bitterness of the lot of those who, while continuing to do just as good work as when they were hailed with acclaim in their early appearances, find that the public has grown tired of them.

Nor is music the only field of which this sad fact is true. Many examples of neglected talent can be found in literature as well. Writers whose early books made the whole reading world talk of them, are oftentimes passed by for some new favorite who chances to strike with the play of his fancy the dominant mood of the day.

#### ENGLISH FOR THE WORLD.

"THE English is *the* world speech, and will, to all appearance, become more and more so every year."

Such an assertion, coming from the pen of a German professor of philology, is surely of noteworthy import in connection with the spread of our mother tongue. For since Volapük proved itself wanting in the requirements going to make up a universal language, the German has been the only rival left in the field. And the above assertion of Dr. Schröder, of the University of Freiburg, puts it, too, it would seem, out of the race.

Nothing succeeds like success, and figures prove more than theories. According to statistics, the people of the world who speak the language of Shakspeare have increased, during the present century, five fold, and now number in the neighborhood of 150,000,000. It is not surprising that this fact should be so when one considers that English is the speech of not only Great Britain and the United States, but of Australia, Canada, a large part of India, and is constantly gaining ground wherever the British or American flags are planted. It has never given way to other tongues; time and time again other tongues have given way to it.

#### PICTURES THAT EDUCATE.

If the directors of the Metropolitan Museum would curtail their dinner, and take an hour or two to walk through the art gallery some Sunday afternoon, their

consciences would do a little wholesome aching over the days when all that beauty was closed to the many wondering and appreciative eyes whose one holiday is the Sabbath. It was not only a great scene of enjoyment, of needed recreation which they kept from the men, women and children who most need such a healing stimulant, but a distinct factor in the education of the commonwealth. The more education, the more appreciation of the noble and lofty there is among the common people, the purer and better and stronger the country and the country's government is.

After all, the middle classes are the bulwark of the nation. Some great English politician once said that England was like a glass of her own ale. The top was froth, the bottom, dregs, but the middle was the life and body. It is equally true of any other country. The men who become prominent from generation to generation are not sons of the upper classes, but of the middle class. Men, who by some circumstance of environment, some chance turning aside from the commonplace humdrum of every day, have been inspired with hope and desire to do and be. They come up with the solid qualities of generations who have toiled, and have a background for polish and sterling achievement. It is the advantage of the city and the nation to put every light that is possible in the way of these coming men and women.

After all, they are the creators, and to whom else should properly belong the results? It is narrow minded, ignoble, selfish and presumptuous for any public works of art to be kept for the enjoyment of a limited class.

Go to the Metropolitan on one of these holidays, and see how spectators are employed. Workingmen, practical hard handed laborers, bring their children to see the pictures. It is not with an idea of pleasing the eye with bright colors, but as illustrations of stories that have evidently already been told. It is before the historical pictures that the little groups halt, while over and over again, the famous men are pointed out, and the little boys stand drinking in the tales of heroism and great achievement, their young souls fired with the greatness of patriotism and the glory of self denial. It is here that seeds are being planted in the children of mixed blood which identifies them with our own traditions and makes them Americans.

## CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

*Any person sending to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE fifteen lines or more of original composition (a letter preferred), written on unruled paper, and signed with an assumed name, will have his or her characteristics told. The delineation will appear in a succeeding number of the magazine.*

*Specimens of handwriting will be passed upon in order of date of receipt and the delineations published as fast as space will permit.*

*Address, Character in Handwriting, MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, 155 East 23d Street, New York.*

**A. C. BENEDICT.** A person whose egotism overbalances many other good qualities. Alternate depression and exultation are shown. Little generosity except to himself, to whom he is apt to be lavish. Jealousy, and some envy are shown. There is a very good temper.

**O. K.** There is considerable depression of mind displayed in this handwriting, and a self love that sometimes amounts to sensitiveness. Open mindedness and honesty are shown, and a great fondness for all the good things of life, including his own opinion. This handwriting speaks of a man who might be led by one in whom he had confidence, and without obstinacy is still apt to hold on to a game even when he feels that it is a losing one. An argumentative mind is shown, and a slowness to be convinced.

**LADY BELLE.** This handwriting shows a young woman who is fond of pleasure—of a social sort, one who has a great liking for admiration, and considerable interest in the opposite sex.

**TOBY BELCH.** Modest, but aspiring; gentle and unostentatious in manner, with no great strength of character. Good reasoning powers, imagination, truthfulness, refined tastes, but no great originality. A great fondness for beauty, especially of detail. Tact, self respect, clearness of intellect, and pleasant manners.

**DOROTHY Q.** A pleasant, rather commonplace young woman, who is practical, clear headed, knows her own mind, affectionate, kind hearted, domestic, but not too prim. Careful of detail, however, and with a taste for beauty. An even disposition, and good taste.

**ALICE PORTER.** A very original character, original almost to eccentricity. Great personal pride, literary tastes, courage, a passionate nature, with a very strong and tenacious will power. Some affection, fondness for beauty, conventionalities and the pomps of the world. A lack of high aims, but great ardor in pursuing those chosen. A clever, interesting woman.

**ELLIS H. STEVENS.** An unfortunately extravagant nature, one which so lavishes itself, that it is almost oppressive, and gives out entirely too much without proper judgment. Generosity is carried to a fault. Great frankness, absolutely no *finesse*; a fine scorn of meanness, great affection, great personal pride, with sweetness and tenderness of disposition. A nature that needs disciplining and toning down. Versatility, an impatient, imperious temper when aroused, considerable talent, are all indicated.

**VINCERE.** The prominent characteristic of this hand is frankness. Honesty and open heartedness are present to an astonishing degree. There is some egotism, but it is merged into cheerfulness. There is considerable will and tenacity of purpose, combined with obstinacy. There is some impatience, considerable enthusiasm, affection, generosity, some caution, and an aspiring mind.

**C. D. ROWELL.** This writing shows a very energetic, quick, impulsive man, who makes up his mind in haste, and sometimes repents at leisure. There is considerable will power exhibited, together with a fondness for his own way, but much generosity to his own people. A love of beauty and what is known as "style," although

personally there is little or no ostentation. Some egotism, which is overcome in a great measure by a healthy mindedness. There is considerable intuition balanced by materiality. This man would be likely to be very affectionate to any one in his care, but is not readily susceptible.

**ALAN ARCHER.** This writer is mistaken in imagining that he usually dictates to a typewriter. One, at a hasty glance, would say that it was his ambition to be a newspaper reporter, whatever he is. He is hasty, rather given to blowing his own trumpet, is bright and quick, ardent, impulsive, ready to see to the end of any train of thought to "see through" anything; courageous, kindly, willing to share his last cent with a friend, fond of life, and made to enjoy it. A strong will, a liking for his own way, and an utter carelessness about little things. A man who is apt to let pennies and pounds alike take care of themselves.

**E. P. G.** The handwriting of a most original, versatile and charming person. One who knows her own way is usually the best way, and exults in it, and gets it. A great independence of thought, generosity of mind, heart and pocket, with an inclination toward jealousy. Hopefulness, courage, caution, brilliancy in speech, elegance, literary tastes, and interest in the opposite sex, but no great susceptibility to its influence. There are no good works on graphology in English.

**HARRIET WILSON.** A rather affected, very young girl, with the angularities of youth. An inclination toward extravagance, which is still not generosity. A great love of her own way, some opinionativeness, some pride, caution in speech, and extreme truthfulness. A gentle heart, frank to a fault.

**LENA KREM.** Much more force of character and will power than is usual in a young girl. Great devotion to any cause espoused. Originality, freshness of thought, great generosity, graceful tact and imagination, lofty ideals, well poised character. A loving heart, and a fondness for domestic life. A thoroughly "nice" girl.

**MARIE BROWNE.** This is the writing of a young girl, fond of society, but without the brilliant qualities which would make her a shining light. A very happy, hopeful disposition, little imagination, considerable pluck, an affectionate temperament, some inclination to a quick, impulsive temper that is only a flash in the pan. A girl who will be more charming as a mature woman than as a girl.

**DANIEL J. BOONE.** This handwriting shows a generous, rather impetuous nature, which judges almost entirely by intuition instead of by a laborious chain of reasoning. Nobility of nature is shown, an open heart and mind, cultivated and literary tastes, aspiration, delicate taste, and a healthy self respect. There is a wavering between high and low spirits, and a general sweetness of disposition associated with the writer.

**S. A. S., Bank of Montreal.** The writing of a man who has strong material tastes, enthusiastic, full of vitality. A clear head and sagacity are shown, with an original habit of thought. There is some obstinacy and a little egotism, which is not, however, exhibited to any great extent. There is a coldness of nature, added to passion,



## CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

which might cause unhappiness to some of those intimately associated with him.

**FIASCO.** On lines, so the delineation is not so perfect as otherwise. There are indications of good spirits, a decisive will, ardor, clearness of intellect, modesty, sweetness of disposition, a fondness for life and friends. Not easily influenced. Not much spirituality; considerable generosity is evinced and good judgment.

**PHENIX.** This writing is that of a kind hearted, generous, modest, sweet tempered man, who thinks clearly, and does not judge too hastily, even while he judges intuitively. A man whose heart is naturally pure, is absolutely devoid of conceit, has a trustful nature, and would make a good friend.

**CRISTO.** A character rather despondent than hopeful, and somewhat lacking in ambition. A very close and logical reasoning faculty, some originality and susceptibility. Tact, diplomacy, reticence, and candor with friends.

**BANNING.** A rather narrow minded person, opinionated and cautious in action, but hasty in expression. Egotistical and nervous. Some originality, and some vanity, and some variability of purpose. Suspicion is sometimes present, with generosity to those beloved.

**MARION KINGSLEY.** A writing that shows a regard for conventionalities that is hampering, but through all, a lovely and sweet character. A sense of beauty that amounts to artistic talent with a frankness and tenderness of nature. A rather imperious temper. Delicacy of mind and perception, philanthropic instincts. No originality, and a dependence upon other people for opinions and almost for conscience.

**M. C.** A hopeful, kind hearted woman, interested in her neighbors' affairs, fond of talking, with some sense of humor and the habit of controlling. Personal pride, a liking for variety and novelty, affectionate toward her own family. Not much attention to detail, but a desire to appear well.

**GEORGE P. GIBBS.** An imaginative person, who is more apt to see disaster than hope in the future, but who judges finally by what he sees with his own eyes. A man who in small things is guided almost entirely by the people about him, but who has many secret ways of accomplishing his own ends. Economical but generous, very affectionate, and simple in manner.

**OWELL HOMZ.** Some of the very best of human characteristics. A good literary taste, love of beauty, kindness of heart, indifference to detail are noted. An ardent, frank, original nature; generous, keen, logical mind, an affectation of indifference to things which are really valued. Personal pride, modesty. A carelessness that amounts almost to recklessness, and a capacity for friendship.

**A. C. B., Norwalk, Conn.** The handwriting of a person who, to the ordinary acquaintance, betrays an economy which almost amounts to parsimony, but who is most generous to his own, with a great capacity for devotion. A man who believes firmly in his own plans, and holds on to them to the death. A man of ostentatious pride, not much cultivation, not a very clear idea of what he means to do, nor a very lofty ideal. Hopeful and ambitious.

**NELLIE.** Written in pencil, but showing the hand of a practical, common sense, kind hearted person with a strong will, nervous impulses, vitality, not much originality or versatility. Ambition and capacity for hard work. Energy, optimism, good humor, sympathy, and interest in the opposite sex.

**LAWRENCE.** A very delightful and original handwriting, showing a refined nature, literary tastes, culture, a pretty, dainty wit, philanthropic instincts, loquacity, quick perceptions, humor, some coquetry, and keen appreciation.

**WORLD'S FAIR.** The handwriting of a conventional, cool headed individual who has many of the qualities which are put down as most admirable, but who will never be loved as much as a great number of people with a great many more faults. A great lover of beauty, of the classic style, a very close, but not original reasoner. A very opinionated person, with the utmost respect

for himself and his own surroundings. Calm and self contained, high temper well controlled; the utmost generosity, especially where it will be noticed.

**A. P. SCRIBBLER.** A person who dashes at everything, feeling able to conquer what she knows nothing of. Generosity, kindness of heart, a strong will to carry out whatever the impulse of the moment may be. Careless in manner and speech, ready always to give more than she receives. Some originality, that by careful study and attention to detail might add much to her enjoyment of life. Frankness and some despondency are also noted.

**C. HANDWRITER.** Evidently a very young person, whose characteristics are hardly formed, but who shows promise of some very admirable traits, and some which should be corrected in time. There are signs of an opinionativeness which may make a very disagreeable personality in coming years. There is a care for detail, and a soberness of thought, with tenacity of purpose, sweetness and simplicity of mind, and a great self respect.

**CLAUDE M. BRUXTON.** The writing of a very delightful personality whose thoughts move far ahead of his pen. A person careful of detail to a nicety, who is most punctilious in his deportment, who has a most affectionate and kindly disposition. A liking for courtly manners. A man who would rather be daintily served to a glass of water than lily served to a glass of wine.

**DOT.** Evidently the hand of a young girl who has not come to the ease of maturity, but who has latent, sufficient will power to become a force. There is some affectation, high spirits, fondness for society, and effects; kindness of heart and generosity are shown with some temper under provocation. This is not the writing of a woman who will be likely to lead the life of a student, but one who loves the current of life and will be likely to have it.

**G. JEROME NEVILLE.** A very calm, self contained person, with an affectionate, kindly heart, a little obstinate, very quiet in demeanor, but with a liking for dramatic effects. A strong artistic taste and a boundless generosity to those beloved. Literary tastes, some critical faculty, and small sense of humor.

**JOHN J. WILSON.** A strong, hopeful, hospitable, generous man, with an original mind. Frank and open hearted to a fault. High minded, ardent, enthusiastic, affectionate and trustful. A man whose fire burns bright and warms his friends.

**CHARACTERISTICS TOLD.** A "posing" young man. Not very original, but running over with life and vitality. Considerable tact, a fondness for the table. Great personal pride and a contempt for petty ways of all sorts. A strong, imperious temper.

**CHARLES EVERETT CAMPBELL.** A very original, egotistic, versatile, loquacious person, who is selfish, clever, jumps at conclusions that are usually correct. Clear headed, not easily thrown off the balance, nervous, and with more than one talent.

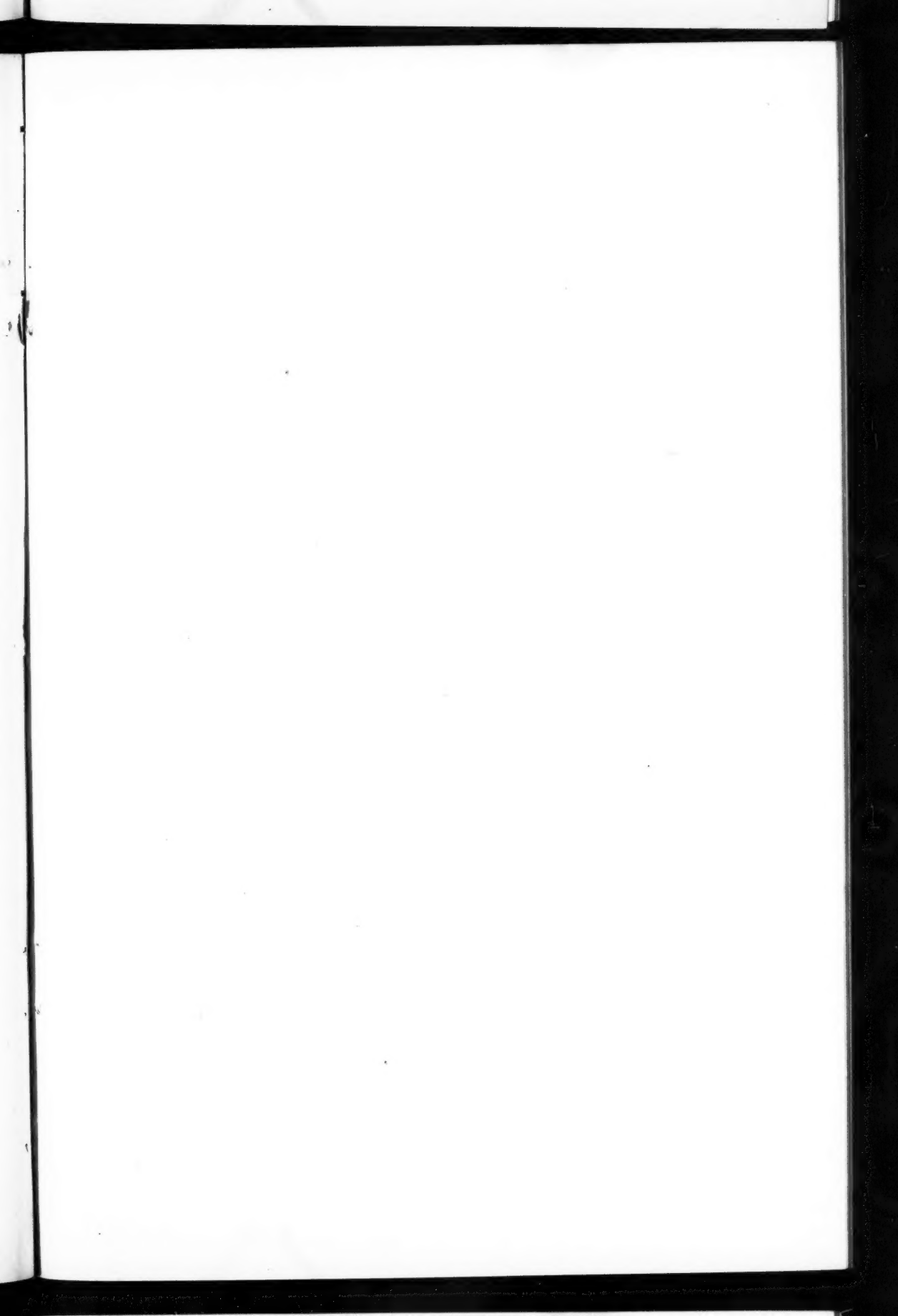
**MARGARET VON FLEMING.** A rather affected young person, with a strong, obstinate will, a lady-like refinement, showing good taste in most things. Some conventionality and sentimentality, with no spirit of adventure. No originality.

**ELEANOR.** A "nice" girl, not very strong, nor beautiful, nor happy. Some originality, and considerable affection. Frankness, youth, a liking for her own way. A little narrowness of mind, no intuition, and no particular regard for truth in small things.

**PETELY.** The writing of a thoroughly "likable" man, with a sense of humor that is almost vociferous. A good deal of common sense, generosity, open mindedness, large heartedness and some sensuality. Extravagance curbed, not too greatly, by shrewdness. A man that men like.

**R. M. C. COURIER.** An impetuous, impulsive, ardent, adventurous nature, easily influenced and carried away by every new project. Fond of outdoor life. Careless, given to "swagger." Not overly refined in exterior, nor particularly scrupulous. Fond of a laugh.







"MEDITATION."

From the painting by F. A. Kaulbach.